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ESTELLE

ESTELLE,

A

PASTORAL ROMANCE.

BY

M. DE FLORIAN,

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, AND OF THOSE OF MADRID AND FLORENCE.

EMBELLISHED WITH SEVEN PLATES.

Rura mihi: riguique placent in vallibus amnes
Flumina amo, sylvasque inglorius.

TRANSLATED

BY MR. MAXEY.

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PREFACE.

In presenting the present edition of Estelle to the world, the Translator intreats the candour of a generous public. It is the first time his name ventures to appear before their tribunal; and he trusts, if he has in any measure caught the spirit of the author, by transfusing any of his poetical beauties into English, those minds of affection and sensibility, to whom the Sieur Florian must ever be dear, will approve the attempt. And should they not think he merits their approbation, yet he trusts they will forgive him, as it was translated for his private amusement, and not made public but after the most pressing and urgent request of a friend.

A work that has been translated into almost every European language must certainly possess peculiar beauties in the original. Indeed the President of the French Academy, Mons. Sedaine, on the admission of the Sieur Florian as a member of that academy, after enumerating his various literary performances, dwells for some time with peculiar pleasure on this of Estelle. "In this beautiful work," he says, "you have rendered homage to the country which gave you birth, and afforded a new proof of that sensibility which so peculiarly characterizes you. The episodes, which you have so skilfully interspersed, suspend agreeably the progress without interrupting the effect: they arrest the attention of the reader, only to present him, as he passes through the country, with flowers admired for their lustre and perfume. These episodes the lyric muse with

justice thought belonged to her, and is assured the voices of fame will be employed in rehearsing what they hear with so much delight. I should, Sir, dwell upon this work in more extended detail, did I not fear that the most amiable part of the assembly would reproach me for having unskilfully passed over in silence some pictures, some images, and sentiments, which affected their minds with the most tender reflections, and the most lively emotions. Perhaps, likewise, in replacing before your view the sacrifices, the duty, and perfect submission, of the shepherds who are the actors on the scene, I am afraid I should offend in drawing a comparison unfavourable to the conduct of most men in their impassioned moments."

Concerning a pastoral which has been so celebrated, little need be said; it is a

picture of rural nature; and was there a thought or description in it which the purest mind might not embrace or read, the Translator would not have lent his assistance in circulating it; for he trusts he shall never be employed but in promoting the cause of innocence and virtue.

St. Alban's,
April 13th, 1803.

AN

ESSAY

ON

PASTORAL POETRY.

MANY authors have written on pastoral poetry, decided on the merits of bucolic poets, and laid down rules for this species of composition; yet few are agreed as to the manner in which it ought to be managed. Some * desire that shepherds should always be described as witty and polite; some †, on the contrary, recommend never to lose sight of that simplicity of the golden age which constitutes the principal charm in the works of the ancients; while others ‡ consider allegory as constituting the chief merit of the eclogue.

I shall not discuss these different opinions: I wish merely to give an account of the light in

* Fontenelle, Treatise on Eclogues, page 156.

† M. de Chabanon, Essay on Theocritus, p. 26.

‡ L'Abbé Desfontaines, Discourse on Pastorals, p. 68.

which pastoral is viewed by myself, and of the means which I consider as most proper to give it a degree of interest, and even perhaps of utility.

The pastoral stile is reproached with being cold and wearisome: these are faults which never have any favour shewn them, but least of all in France. Yet no one dares not to admire the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil. Some fine lines of the pastorals of Fontenelle are yet remembered, but no one any longer takes the trouble of reading them; and it seems, that as soon as a work is announced, of which the heroes are shepherds, that name alone suffices to inspire every one with an inclination to sleep.

I thought, at first, that this aversion proceeded entirely from the enormous distance betwixt the pastoral life and ours, from the prodigious difference of our manners compared with those of shepherds; and this certainly has had some influence: but it is possible, likewise, that the fault may be in the manner in which this species of poetry has been managed, for there must be many reasons for disgust when every one is dissatisfied.

It is not my wish either to deny or diminish the merit of the eclogues of Theocritus, of Bion,

of Moschus, and, above all, of Virgil! These masterpieces, which have been admired more than twenty ages, will live as long as beautiful poetry, lovely nature, and engaging simplicity, shall have any charms for men of taste.

The idylls of Petrarch*, of Sannazar†, of Garcillasso‡, and of Pope||, possess beauties worthy of the ancients. The pastorals of Racan§ sometimes justify the eulogies of Despreaux. Segrais¶ and Madame Deshoulieres have interspersed in their eclogues some specimens of beauty and genius,

* Petrarch wrote Latin eclogues in the fourteenth century.

† Sannazar, an Italian poet, wrote in the fifteenth century: the speakers in his Latin eclogues are fishermen. It was when blaming his choice of fishermen that Fontenelle said, that it was more agreeable to send flowers to his mistress than to open oysters for her.

‡ Garcillasso, a Spanish poet (not he who composed the History of the Incas), wrote in the sixteenth century some eclogues full of sweetness and sensibility.

|| The celebrated Pope began by writing pastorals.

§ There are some verses in Racan which will always please, without being obliged to recollect that Honoret de Bevil, marquis of Racan, wrote in the time of Malherbes, before the language was well formed.

¶ Boileau has written in praise of Segrais, and Boileau was certainly in the right.

which, although they were perhaps too much praised in their days, are too much forgotten in ours. Fontenelle and La Motte have mixed in their poems some elegant thoughts, some delicate passages, and charming verses. Many others of the more modern poets* have drawn forth pathetic and harmonious sounds from their rural pipes. Gessner, above all, rises superior, in my opinion, to the ancients themselves. Gessner, perhaps, cannot boast of that enchanting poetry which in Virgil ennobles the most common details: he does not always charm the ear, like the Roman poet; but he speaks as much to the heart, and inspires it with purer sentiments. The taste is formed by reading Virgil, the heart is improved by reading Gessner; the one makes us love and pity Melibœus, but the other makes us respect and love virtue.

After this just and sincere homage paid to my masters, let me be permitted to return to my ideas on the cause of the cold reception which is in general given to pastorals.

* L'Abbé Mongenot, M. Berquin, M. Leonard, Mademoiselle Levesque, Madame Verdier, whose idyls on Vaucluse may be compared to the finest pieces of antiquity.

I think that, without exciting an interest, no work intended to please can have any durable success. Now, is it very easy to make others feel themselves interested in the conversation of two or three speakers, who speak on one subject, and whose ideas revolve on the same point; who meet and separate without any motive? Is not this the case with the eclogue?

In the best plays the first scene is almost always tedious, because the personages are yet unknown to us; because they only appear just to open the subject, and prepare us to be interested. We hear them, hoping that our attention will be rewarded with delight: but if pleasure does not come, we are angry; for the thing of which perhaps men are the most avaricious is their attention. They do not forgive being surprised for nothing; and this natural sentiment may alone excuse the cruelty with which many worthy persons hiss the piece, or tear the book, of a man whom they would willingly oblige.

The eclogue has bounds so circumscribed, as to give it hardly the means of preparing the interest: when the interest is excited, the piece finishes, and it is necessary to begin another. A collection

of eclogues, in some measure, then, resembles a collection of the first scenes of plays. The reader is not much to blame in throwing aside the book, and continuing prejudiced against that species of poetry.

Guarini and Tasso* perceived this; since they were the first who, instead of eclogues, made a species of pastoral drama, in which all the scenes follow each other as in a play, and exhibit a lengthened action conducted by degrees to its end.

Led away by the taste of their age, they have scattered throughout the Pastor Fido and Aminta many witty and ingenious passages, sometimes indeed too refined, so much so, that the abundant profusion at length fatigues the reader who is fond of nature, and disfigures two performances which, had they been more simple, would have been masterpieces.

This manner of writing pastoral poetry is, however, in my opinion, better than detached eclogues: but it still has a coldness in its nature; for the stage does not accord with the actions of shepherds.

* Authors of Pastor Fido and Aminta.

Among them, all is mild and quiet: there grief weeps and laments its woes without uttering cries of despair; happiness is enjoyed without being talked of; or, if they speak of their pleasures, it is only to confide them, in a whisper, to the ear of friendship. At the theatre, on the contrary, only the extreme passions have any effect. There our attention is excited only by violent explosions; there we are not moved without being forcibly affected. The rage of tragedy has nothing in common with the sorrow of the idyl: the laugh of comedy does not resemble the gaiety of shepherds. These have a language peculiar to themselves; it is not understood out of their vallies; and, when introduced on the stage, it is no less out of its place, and no less aukward, than a herdsman in a palace.

The best means, without doubt, of rendering pastoral interesting, would be to introduce it in a poem where it might preserve all its sweet and simple sounds while in perfect unison with the rest of the work. It is thus that, in the *Seasons* of M. de St. Lambert, his beautiful descriptions of the revival of nature in spring, of the magnificent landscapes of summer, of the pleasures and the gifts of autumn, and the episodes of Lise and of

two lovers near a tomb, are elevated to the most sublime accents of poetry, and descend again, without the reader perceiving it, without the poet having changed his lyre, to the simple and sweet tone of the eclogue. But there are few of genius sufficient to attempt similar works; and the romance, even after the poem, may be read with interest*.

In employing thus the pastoral, the advantages of the dramatic form are preserved, while its inconveniences are avoided; for the romance admits, and even requires, scenes. In the drama, the necessity of connecting them together by other scenes frequently produces tediousness: in a ro-

* We do not speak of M. l'Abbé de Lille, notwithstanding the descriptions, so beautiful and just, which he has drawn of nature. His enchanting muse has disdained the rural pipe, and the question before us only concerns the pastoral. Mons. the Marquis of Marnezia approaches nearer to it in his poem on the country life. It is throughout a work, in which so true a love of nature, so faithful a representation of its beauties, reign, that it seems to have been composed under the shade of forests, on the banks of rivers, on the tops of mountains; that it makes us regret that the author has not intermixed in it more rustic episodes, which his amiable genius and lively sensibility would have known how to have placed to great advantage.

mance, two words are sufficient for this connexion. The march is lively and rapid, we run on from one event to another, and stop only at those which interest. The dialogues, the recitals, the descriptions, are intermixed, and relieve each other. It is a beautiful country, intersected with rivulets, woods, and hills, in which the reader travels a long while without being fatigued. Let him go the same distance in a noble plain, the scenes of which are less varied; he will admire, and demand to rest himself.

The charming romance of Daphnis and Chloe* has proved the truth of what I now advance. This inimitable model of elegance and simplicity has always afforded more pleasure than Theocritus and Guarini. It would afford still more than it does, were it not for some images of too free a nature, which ought always to be banished from works of this nature. The loves of shepherds should be no less pure than the crystal of their fountains; and as the principal charm of the most beautiful shepherdess is her modesty, so the principal charm of the pastoral ought to be the inspiring of virtue.

* The romance of Longus is well known, yet we are not certain in what age this author wrote.

Sannazar * is, I believe, the first of the moderns who formed the eclogue into a romance. The age of literature was then commencing in Italy. An hundred years afterwards, learning had a moment of brilliancy in Spain; and Montemayor †, Gil Polo ‡, Lopez de Vega ||, Figuera, and Michael de Cervantes, imitated Sannazar. After them, Sidney §

* Sannazar has written a pastoral romance, in Italian, called Arcadia, in which the want of interest and action is sometimes compensated by a tincture of melancholy, which has a charm for tender minds.

† Georges de Montemayor, a Portuguese, wrote, in the sixteenth century, a romance, in Spanish, intermixed with prose and verse, called Diana. This romance offends against the rules of composition, by its improbabilities, and the multiplicity of its episodes: it has also the still greater fault of beginning with the needless infidelity of its heroine, and of employing magic to cure the hero of his passion. But an infinity of details, and many pieces of poetry, have a character of sensibility which attaches the reader, and makes him shed tears. Too frequently taste is wounded, almost always the heart is delighted. It cannot be translated; grace is not translatable.

‡ Gil Polo continued the Diana of Montemayor.

|| Lopez de Vega composed Arcadia; Figueroa, an Amaryllis; Michael Cervantes likewise composed a Galatea: but all these performances are much inferior to the Diana.

§ Sidney composed the Arcadia. This Arcadia is a large romance, in the style of Cassandra and Cleopatra, only it has shepherds mixed with the knight errants.

in England, and the Marquis d'Urfé* in France, attempted the same species of composition. All these performances were very celebrated in their time, and are almost forgotten in ours. This oblivion of them is too severe against some of them; above all, against the Astrea, which was for a long time the delight of France. Astrea has great merit in point of invention. Many highly interesting episodes, traits of simplicity, softness, sentiment, and, above all, the charming characters of Diana and Sylvander, will preserve this book from perishing entirely.

But this work takes up ten volumes; and length is a very great fault in almost all works, but is most insupportable of all in pastorals. Such length, which almost always proceeds from the multiplicity of episodes, has the double inconvenience of fatiguing us, and detaching our attention from the principal interest of the piece. All these heroes, all these shepherds, every one of whom relates his history, make us forget those we loved already, embarrass the mind of the reader, and soon render

* The Marquis d'Urfé is well known, in his Astrea, to have related his own adventures with Diana de Chateau Morand, whom he afterwards espoused.

him indifferent. Besides, they come from too great a distance. In a pastoral, every thing ought to lie contiguous. Shepherds communicate only with their nearest neighbours: they never quit their valley, their woods, or the banks of their rivers. With them the world ends at a league from their village. We should then, if I may be permitted to say it, make the bounds of a pastoral romance correspond with the place where the scene lays; we should proportion the piece to the theatre; and contrive to make the episodes, as it has been ingeniously expressed by an English author, resemble the short excursion of bees, who never leave their hives but to go in search of something to enrich them, and never wander far enough to lose sight of them.

Almost all the bucolic authors have made use of means which I cannot approve; that is, magic. Theocritus, Virgil, Sannazar, Montemayor, and Lopez de Vega, have introduced sorcery in their pastorals. I admire, indeed, the beauty of their verses; but I cannot find myself interested in lovers who are made to love by philtres, or to cease loving by potions. It is necessary that every thing should be plain and natural in pastorals. A real shepherd is ignorant that there is any other way of gaining a heart than that of offering his

own. He ought to imagine that his first love can never be healed; and if any one should tell him that witchcraft could change the state of his mind, he would prefer his melancholy to such a cure. No bucolic poet could, with propriety, take for his heroine a shepherdess seduced by riches or greatness. It seems to me that magic is as contradictory, and that it is less agreeable to nature.

It still remains for me to speak of one great advantage of the pastoral romance, which is, the mixture of poetry and prose; an union which pleases, relieves, and may be made a fruitful source of beauties.

You have to describe an unfortunate shepherd, seated under the shade of a sycamore tree, his head reclining upon his hand, his flute fallen on the ground at his feet, his dog lying by him, and looking tenderly and sorrowfully at him. You will choose the simplest, plainest, and most expressive words, to make your picture striking. If it was in verse, the measure, the rhyme, and a certain profusion that there is always in poetry, would oblige you, whatever were your talents, to make use of other expressions, to employ an adjective, an epithet frequently superfluous. Prose permits you to reject it, and affords you a facility of com-

pressing and compacting your style, which perhaps is the chief secret to prevent being tedious. When you have shewn your reader the object on which you would fix his attention; when, by means of perspicuity, precision, and truth, you have created a lively image in his mind, then make your verses; and, above all, let them be good: they will introduce themselves. It is established that every shepherd, when melancholy, sings his sorrows. Let yours lament in verses soft and harmonious. Be then the poet; forget the precision, the brevity, that you observed in your recitals; unfold your sentiments; attach yourself to some tender idea, to some painful recollection, or to the hope of some future good: you will be read, perhaps read over again. The same verses in an eclogue and in a dramatic pastoral, preceded or followed by other verses, would not afford as much pleasure as when introduced in the middle of prose.

I do not think, however, that these verses should be long, or that they should occur too frequently in the work. In the first place, by lengthening them too much you diminish the effect of them; and, besides, those burthens to the song, which have so much grace in the pastoral verse, and which ought to be used as much as possible, though they please the second, third, and perhaps

the fourth time, will beyond that become fatiguing. It is necessary therefore that a shepherd should always leave off singing before he has been desired to be silent. The reader who at the end of a song would cheerfully say *encore!* will have greater pleasure in finding a new song some pages further on.

But let him be some time without meeting it again; for the manner of introducing these little pieces is unhappily always the same: it is always some shepherd or shepherdess who sings or who writes them. This is a reason the more why you should not be lavish of them. It is also necessary to compensate, by the variety of the subjects, the uniformity of the manner. The author, therefore, should take great care to avoid singing always of sorrow; he should sometimes try to intermix a little sprightliness in his songs, and to throw in, if possible, a slight tincture of philosophy: he will have recourse to romance, when romance will accord with his subject; and, finally, under the modest name of songs, he should endeavour to make of them little odes, in imitation of those of Anacreon and Horace.

As to the style of the prose, it should possess something of the romance, the eclogue, and the

poem. It must be simple, for the author narrates; it must be natural, for the persons of whom it speaks, and whom it represents as speaking, have no other eloquence than that of the heart: it must likewise be dignified, for every where virtue must be introduced, and virtue always expresses itself in a dignified manner.

Besides, it is not necessary that there should be only shepherds in a pastoral romance. I think, on the contrary, that it is better to intermix with them personages of another state, and even of a very elevated condition, provided they do not, as it were, fall from the clouds, but have a direct connection with the subject. Independently of the variety which this gives to the work, it is consoling to see heroes and princes assimilate themselves to simple peasants, become their friends, and think them their brethren, because they have the same inclinations, because good hearts all love the same things, nature and virtue.

It is by these means principally, it is in describing persons virtuous, and possessed of sensibility, who know how to sacrifice the most ardent passion to duty, and who find the reward of their sacrifice in the duty itself; it is in presenting virtue under its most amiable aspect, in proving that

it is equally necessary to the shepherd and to the prince, in order to be happy, that I believe it possible to give to the pastoral a degree of utility. Shepherds at present do not read much; but the masters of their flocks read; and if authors more skilful than myself would, according to the principles I have laid down, compose some works in which they should unite, with the advantage of a well-chosen subject, the affecting picture of the manners of the country, the perpetually pleasing descriptions of the beauties of nature, the happy mixture of prose and verse, and, above all, the lessons of a pure and mild morality, such books would be, I fully believe, neither tiresome nor useless, and the poor of the villages would perceive that their masters read them frequently.

I have dared to attempt what others, doubtless, will do better. It is, perhaps, an aukwardness to have begun by laying down the rules and principles which must raise this sort of work to perfection: I fear that I have failed in the first. But if a single reflection of mine may prove useful, my time will not be lost.

I have, however, never more desired to do my best. Independently of the pastoral style, for which I have always had a predilection, my work

had a most powerful interest in my heart: the scene lies in the province, in the very spot, where I was born. It is so pleasing to speak of one's country, to recollect those places where we passed our youthful days, where we felt our first emotions! The name alone of these places has a secret charm to our souls; we seem to grow young again in thinking on the happy state of childhood, where the pleasures are so lively, the sorrows so short, the enjoyments so pure! This remembrance is always accompanied with remembrances still dearer: those to whom we owe our birth, those who took the tenderest care of us, our first, our best friends, present themselves to embellish the scenes which are then retraced in our memory. We think ourselves again with them; we think ourselves again such as we were then; we forget the pains, the injustices, we have since experienced, the miseries we have brought upon ourselves, the faults we have committed; we remember only those sentiments which are almost always of more worth than actions; the tears of sensibility flow in spite of ourselves, and we exclaim, with the first of the Latin poets,

> En unquam patrios, longo post tempore, fines,
> Pauperis et tuguri congestum cespite culmen,
> Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas?

ESTELLE.

BOOK I.

I HAVE already celebrated the shepherds of the Tagus; I have described their innocent manners, their faithful loves, and the felicity which their pure and tender souls enjoy. It was the first time that my unskilful fingers played upon the rural pipe: my trembling voice attempted airs quite new to itself; and my dissatisfied ear asked the echo of the woods if the nymphs could understand me. Now, less ignorant, but not less timid, I meditate themes more pleasing to my heart: I will celebrate my country; I will picture those fine climates where the green olive, the purple mulberry, and the golden grape, grow together under a sky of perpetual azure; where on cheerful hillocks, overspread with violets and lilies, numerous flocks are seen to skip and play; where, in short, a people at once sprightly and sensible,

laborious and sportive, preserve themselves from want by industry, and from vice by cheerfulness.

Hail, O beautiful Occitania[1]! thou country ever loved by those that have known thee! Thee the Romans embellished with their most magnificent works of art; thy climate invited the haughty sons of the north to fix their abode on thy plains; for thee the Arabs quitted their delicious Iberia; and France has always regarded thee as the most noble prize gained by the victories of Charles Martel! Nature has united in thy bosom those treasures, only divided among the rest of the world[2]. Under thy sky, as pure, but less scorching than that of Spain, are gathered harvests more abundant than those which grow in the vales of Enna. The rich clusters of thy vines have obliterated the remembrance of those which grew on the hills of Falernum and Massica: and the olive prospers on thy hills no less than on the shores of the Durance. Thy trees nourish the worm which spins the robes of kings: gold and precious stones are produced by thy fertile soil. Waters which restore health flow from the summits of thy mountains: herbs the most salutiferous grow abundantly in thy fields. How many great men, who sprang from thee, have rendered thy name famous amongst

foreign nations! The throne of the Cæsars is indebted to thee for its Antonines[3], and that benefit alone has entitled thee to the gratitude of the world. The east still remembers the brave and wise Raimond, who first of the Christians planted the cross on the walls of the holy city[4]; Arragon boasts of those kings to whom thou hast given birth[5]; Rome cherishes the memory of those pontiffs she has received from thee[6]; France glories in thy captains and thy magistrates[7]; and Poetry, sweet enchantress! owes to thee her first asylum[8]. O country, fertile in heroes, in talents, in fruits, and in treasures, I hail thee!

And you shepherdesses of my country, who conceal under a hat of straw those attractions of which so many others would be vain; you whose hearts have preserved that sacred regard to duty which mixes a secret charm with the sacrifices it prescribes; that modesty, amiable yet severe, chief ornament of youth; that touching simplicity, the only remains of the golden age; lend an ear to my muse.

Estelle resembled you; Estelle had your brilliant black eyes, and your long tresses of ebony, and your mild countenance, where candour blends

with grace, that unaffected grace which flies from the beauty who seeks it, but never quits her who is ignorant of it. Estelle had your virtues: she was, however, unhappy. May you never be so! May your lovely eyes never shed any other tears but those which you weep over my heroine!

On the borders of the Gardon, at the bottom of the lofty mountains of the Cevennes, between the town of Anduze and the village of Massanna, is a valley where nature seems to have collected all her treasures. There, in the extended flowery meads, through which wind the waters of the Gardon, are delightful walks under bowers of fig-trees and acacias. The flower-de-luce, the full-blown broom, and daffodils, enamel the ground; the pomegranate tree, the woodbine, and the hawthorn, scent the air with their agreeable perfumes; a circle of hills covered with thick trees encloses the valley on all sides; and rocks covered with snow bound the horizon.

Near this charming retreat, justly named the Beautiful Plains[9], lived, under the reign of Louis XII. shepherds and shepherdesses worthy to dwell in such enchanting places. From the villages of Massanna, Marueja, and Arnassan, they

were accustomed to assemble in the valley of the Beautiful Plains. Their flocks, sometimes united, sometimes dispersed, wandered about in search of the wild thyme which grew on the hills, while fierce dogs guarded them from the wolves of the mountains; and the shepherds, with the shepherdesses, sitting together near the river, enjoyed all those agreeable pleasures which a fine sky, a good king, innocence, and equality, had bestowed on them.

Of all the shepherdesses, the honour and ornament of their country, Estelle was the most handsome, most tender, and most virtuous. Daughter of the aged Raimond and his wife Marguerita, she loved and revered her parents almost equally with the Supreme Being. Early instructed in her duties, and unceasingly occupied in performing them, she never imagined it possible that they could be painful. All her thoughts were pure as the source of the Gardon: all her desires had for their object the felicity of others. Innocent, meek, sincere, and sensible, she never separated happiness from virtue.

Estelle lived at Massanna. Nemorin, a shepherd of the same village, had loved her from his infancy: both of the same age, and both equally

handsome, from their infancy they had been accustomed to go together to the meadows. Nemorin always carried the scrip and crook of Estelle, and Nemorin went every morning to collect the blue flowers which Estelle loved to mix in the long tresses of her dark hair. Never were these lovely infants absent from each other. Sometimes they joined their flocks, and sat down on the same turf together; and, during their sweet conversation, each was attentive only to the flocks which belonged to the other; sometimes they went to gather figs or mulberries; and, when their little hands could not reach the higher boughs, Nemorin got up into the tree, and threw down the best and finest of the fruit into Estelle's apron. At other times, near the juniper trees, they would divert themselves in bending traps to catch the thrushes; and when either of them first perceived that a bird was caught in its snare, the one ran immediately to find the other, that it might be their property. Their pleasures and their pains were in common, and shared with one another. This innocent friendship was known throughout all the village, was admired by all the good people; and the parents of Estelle took no alarm, till an event happened which afforded them some further light into the subject.

It was on the first of May, when they went to sheep-shearing. This labour is always mixed with entertainments. As soon as the morning arrives, the shepherds and shepherdesses go down to the valley with the sheep they intend to shear: there each shepherd throws the meek animal, uneasy at its future destiny, on its back, and with an osier band binds its four legs together. The sheep, while lying on the ground, raises its head, bleats, and trembles at the sight of the terrible shears which it sees in the hands of the shepherd. They sit round in a circle, and the shearing commences; meantime the clattering of the steel shears, the songs of the young shepherds, the loud shouts of general joy, interrupt not the music of those who, having no flocks to attend, are dancing near them. At some distance, robust young men divert themselves in leaping and wrestling; some on little horses, which have the swiftness of stags, dispute for the prize of the race; and others with bats make their balls fly through the air faster than the eye can follow them. Many of the shepherds leave their work, and dance with the shepherdesses; while the youngest girls take the heavy shears, and with their weak and inexperienced hands, afraid of hurting the tender sheep, cut off the tops of the wool.

When the hour for refreshment arrives, they all quickly assemble round a large table, covered with the produce of the country. Moderation and joy preside over the feast, the expence of which is defrayed by the rich, while the poor do the honours of the board. Husbands and lovers sit near their wives and sweethearts; the mothers converse about the prizes their sons have gained; the old men relate the histories of former days; while the shepherdesses sing their favourite new songs. The musk-wine sparkles in the glasses, and excites cheerfulness without producing licentiousness. All are contented, all are happy; and the day is passed in labour, love, and pleasure.

When the evening arrives, and the wool is brought home to the village, they all assemble under an aged poplar, which has for more than a century been set apart for that purpose. Its venerable trunk is encircled with a double row of turf: here are seated the old men, holding a young ram, ornamented with ribbons and garlands, intended as the reward of him who excels in singing.

The first day of the contest, all the swains of Massanna were vanquished by a shepherd named Helion, a relation of Estelle, who came from the

flowery banks of the Durance to see her family. The old men awarded to him the prize; and, whether it were friendship for Estelle, who was not yet twelve years old, or a desire to please Raimond, the Provençal victor offered the ram to his amiable cousin, asking only a kiss for his reward.

Nemorin, who, at his age, was scarcely proper to enter the lists; Nemorin, who had hardly reached his thirteenth year, immediately went out of the company of children, among whom he had mixed, and springing towards Helion with eyes full of anger, "The prize," says he, "is not yours; you have not conquered me."

All the assembly applauded, smiling. Nemorin demanded to be heard. He had the ram carried back into the hands of the judges; and, standing in the midst of the assembly, called to him the young Isidore, his friend, his companion, and then modestly looking at the shepherds, "I have applauded, as well as you," says he, "the fine voice of the celebrated Helion; but is the happy Provence the only country in which they excel in singing? The desire of revenging my country will supply the place of genius in me: Helion has ce-

lebrated the beauty of the banks of the Durance, from whence he came; his countrymen only know those beauties; but I will sing of love, a subject dear to all mankind." He spoke, and drew from his scrip a flute, on which he played a tender tune; he then put the instrument into the hands of Isidore, who, repeating the same sounds, accompanied these words:

Despise not the swain who before you appears,
If a stripling he seems, and if few are his years;
Since the deity Cupid, whose reign is so mild,
That he governs with smiles, is himself but a child:
Though he king over shepherds and princes may be,
Yet you all must allow he's a stripling like me.

In the timid 'tis he that does boldness infuse,
And the haughty to meekness he quickly subdues;
The sage from the freedom he boasts of restrains,
But grants him the bliss to rejoice in his chains:
King of sages and heroes howe'er he may be,
Yet you all must allow he's a stripling like me.

'Tis he that created whatever does move,
And animates all with the sweet breath of love;
Over earth, to the skies, in the depth of the seas,
All creation submits to whatever he please:
What though he the king of all nature may be,
Yet, say, is he not, sirs, a stripling like me?

They tell me whoe'er would his favour obtain,
Will be sure to experience a portion of pain;
But though many bitters he puts in our cup,
He sweetens them all with a mixture of hope:
He alone king of hearts ever was and will be;
Yet you all must allow he's a stripling like me.

At my age, it is true, few are skill'd in his art,
But Estelle has begun to illumine my heart,
As the sun, when 'tis rising, progressively shines,
And first fair Aurora her colours combines:
King of gods and of men though young Cupid may be,
You all must allow he's a stripling like me.

Thus sung young Nemorin. With united voices they all bestowed on him the prize. Helion also, forcing a smile, applauded his young conqueror. The rest of the children made the air resound with their joy, and brought crowns to Nemorin; who, running to the ram, seized it, and took it in his arms, but could hardly lift it up; so, assisted by Isidore and his young companions, he carried it to the feet of Estelle: "I have sung," said he, "the god of love; if love has made me victorious, it was that the prize might belong to you."

Estelle, blushing, looked at her mother. Marguerita permitted her to receive the present; but the shepherdess still hesitated. At length, with a

trembling hand, she laid hold of the green ribbon which was placed round the ram's neck. The applauses increased; the company of children especially, who, on account of his victory, then regarded Nemorin as their chief, broke out in transports of joy. All desired, all boldly insisted, that Estelle should kiss Nemorin. Estelle, frightened, fell back into the arms of Marguerita, refusing to obey; but Marguerita and the judges affirmed that custom had established it as due to the conqueror.

Estelle, then colouring like the wild rose, inclined her face towards Nemorin, at the same time holding fast her mother's hand. Nemorin approached trembling, cast down his eyes, and bent on his knees, while his ardent lips scarcely ventured gently to impress the blushing cheeks of Estelle. Oh! what reason had they to lament this kiss! Oh! how did it augment the fire which already began to consume them! The oil which the olive produces increases not with greater rapidity the flame on which it is thrown.

From that moment Nemorin perceived every day his affection increase towards Estelle; and every day the tender shepherdess found Nemorin more lovely: their time of life, too, added new

vigour to their mutual inclinations. Very soon Estelle was alarmed at that involuntary confusion which agitated her mind; very soon Nemorin, terrified, knew all the violence of that fire which consumed him; but it was now too late to extinguish it: both were smitten with a dart, the wound of which would never be healed; both had to combat with their hearts, with love, and with sixteen years.

The old Raimond, the father of Estelle, perceived with grief the passion of the young shepherd. Raimond had promised his daughter to a farmer of Lezan. A strict observer of his word, he would rather have died than forfeit it. Jealous of his authority, even to excess, Raimond became inflexible as soon as ever he found any attempt to abridge it. Severe to others, as well as himself, he required in all hearts the austere virtues of his own. A good husband, a good father, but with little tenderness, he regarded as weakness every sentiment which was not duty.

His first care was to prohibit Nemorin from coming to his house, and to forbid his daughter to speak to the shepherd. Estelle obeyed: but

every day in the valley the two lovers met; they cast a single glance on each other; and, without violating the orders of Raimond, without approaching, without speaking, they had, when they parted, said all which they had to say.

This calm did not last long. One morning, when the young shepherd was going out with his sheep, he saw Estelle's father appear, who demanded, with a sad and severe voice, a minute's conversation. Nemorin, trembling, left his sheep, made the old man sit down upon the side of the cistern from which his lambs drank, and standing, out of respect to him, he heard these words:

"I am come hither, Nemorin, to open to you my whole soul, that you may judge of my conduct. I had a friend, who was named Maurice; we had an affection for each other upwards of forty years. Long ago, when an unfortunate winter destroyed my sheep, perished my vines, and froze my olive trees, my family and my relations quite forsook me: then Maurice, whose riches raised him above the fear of indigence, divided his goods with me. I have lost this friend. At his dying hour he made me swear that I would

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unite Estelle with his son Meril. Meril has all his father's virtues; he loves my daughter; he depends upon the word I gave my dying benefactor: think you I can break it?" Raimond was then silent. Nemorin dared not answer. "My esteem for you," continued the old man, "interprets your silence: nevertheless, you love my daughter; your love for her is publicly known. Will you promise me to stifle it? Will you swear to me that you will avoid all places where you may meet with Estelle? Certain of your honour, I shall no longer have the least alarm. If this effort is too much for you, I force Estelle from her country, her relations, and all that is dear to her; I hasten to unite her with Meril; in a word, if it be necessary, we will go beyond sea to dwell where you will not be."

Thus spake the old man. Nemorin thus replied to him.

"Raimond, were I to promise wholly to avoid your daughter, or even to forget an affection which is dearer to me than life, I should deceive myself: but it is not right that, to avoid me, you should remove Estelle from her country; it is not just that, on my account, you should punish all this

neighbourhood ; it is for me alone to leave it. It will occasion my death : this is my only hope : but I should die a more grievous death still, if I saw Estelle united to Meril. Receive, then, my oath."

Here the shepherd stopped a little, and, leaning against the cistern, his head sunk down on his breast. " Yes, I swear to you," added he, " that I will go far away from Massanna. An orphan, and master of myself, my life is in my own disposal : I will set out this day. I will go and fix my abode at as great a distance as you chuse : name yourself the place of my exile, or rather of my sepulchre."

" I pity thee," answered the old man ; " but this sacrifice is necessary. I only ask of you to go over to the other side of the Gardon : promise me you never will repass it ; I shall be content and easy."

" Let it be so," replied Nemorin ; " if Estelle can but be happy, I will pass over the Gardon for ever !"

Having said this, he left the old man ; but had not gone many steps before he fell down and

fainted. Raimond ran to him, took him in his arms, and strove to recall him to life. The shepherd opened his languid eyes, and gently repelled Raimond, desiring him to go away. The old man left him; but much moved. He then began to think in what manner he could find the means of recompensing the virtue of the young shepherd; and with this design took his route towards the fine valley of Remistan.

As soon as Nemorin had recovered his senses, he ran to seek Isidore. Isidore was that morning gone to the city to seek for a physician for his benefactor, who was ill. In coming back from his friend's, the sorrowful Nemorin passed before the house of Estelle: the door was shut; the shepherdess's window was also shut. Her flock was not permitted to go out that day; Raimond had forbidden it, fearful lest Estelle should see Nemorin. The shepherd guessed at the old man's intention. Motionless, with clasped hands, and eyes full of tears, he looked a long time at the house. "Oh, how many times," said he, "have I not seen her at this window! How many times, before sun-rise, have I been here to wait for the moment in which she would come out! but here I shall come no more! I shall never see her again!"

Saying these words, he sunk down on a smooth stone that he had formerly conveyed to that place for Estelle to sit upon, when, bringing back her sheep from the pastures, she opened the gate for the lambs, and diverted herself in seeing them run bleating to their mothers' teats. The unhappy shepherd, with the point of his knife, marked upon the stone his last adieus, kissed it a thousand times, and bathed it with his tears: then, regaining with slow steps his dwelling, took his flute and his crook, assembled again his little flock, and, followed by his faithful dog Medor, the terror of the wolves, he departed, sighing. He turned back his head an hundred times towards the house of his amiable fair, as he took the longest route to arrive at the bridge of Ners, where he was to pass the river.

When he approached the bridge, about a league distant from Massanna, he stopped, rested his flock, and, willing to retard the moment in which he must go over to the other shore, he laid himself down under an olive tree, near his faithful Medor, whose tender and uneasy looks seemed to seek in those of his master for the cause of his sorrow. Then the unhappy shepherd, casting his last looks on the beautiful valley he had left, plaintively sung these words:

And am I then going my country to leave,
And for ever from her that I love to depart?
Must I drag on a life from each morn to each eve,
While anguish oppresses and tortures my heart?
Charming vallies! in which we were wont oft to stray,
Where pleasure, and virtue, and innocence reign;
Where Estelle and I have pass'd many a day;
Charming vallies! I ne'er shall behold you again.

Ye fields! that so often of flow'rs I've despoil'd,
To adorn my dear Estelle's long ringlets of hair;
Ye roses! whose charms have in contest been foil'd,
For your beauty could never with Estelle's compare;
Ye pure limpid streams! which yon vales glide among,
Who so often her image did wish to retain,
And her charms to reflect would your courses prolong;
Sweet streams! I shall never behold you again.

Ye meads! where when infants we us'd to resort,
Which so often the scenes of affection did prove;
Where we lisp'd our regards, and the neighbours all thought,
Though infants in years, we were not so in love:
Ye trees! on whose bark we have read with delight
The name I had grav'n her praise to obtain,
The only name then which I knew how to write;
Ye trees! I shall never behold you again.

While Nemorin was singing these words, Estelle, whose father, under various pretences, had kept her in doors all day, was thinking upon her shepherd, and wishing for the morrow, that she might

see him again. The morning had scarce appeared, when she let out her sheep, and ran to awake the young shepherdess Rose; Rose, her faithful friend, and confidant in all her secrets; Rose, who, at seventeen years of age, handsome, amiable, sincere, and sensible, had never dreamt of marriage, or of love; because her friendship for Estelle was sufficient to engage her heart.

The two friends, uniting their sheep, went down together to the valley. No other flocks were yet there. Soon, indeed, they all arrived; but Nemorin did not appear. Every shepherd and herdsman enquired for him. Estelle alone dared not to complain of his absence, but looked without ceasing towards the way which he usually came. The whole day passed away without any news of Nemorin. Estelle, uneasy and afflicted, returned home early, conducted Rose to her habitation, and then quite pensive, came to reckon her sheep at the accustomed stone. Approaching it, she perceived some letters, and recollecting the handwriting of her lover, ran to it, and read these sorrowful lines:

DEAR shepherdess, adieu!
Adieu, my only love!
From those sweet meads I go,
Where thou wert wont to rove.

Exil'd to th' other shore,
I still will sing my dear;
But, ah! my voice no more
Shall ever reach thine ear.

Yet weep not, lovely friend;
My troubles soon will fly:
With life our sorrows end:
And who leaves thee must die.

Estelle, in spite of her tears, read this tender farewel again and again. She could not take her eyes from it; she pleased herself in repeating it; she kissed the letters: but, forced at length to leave the stone, she re-entered her house deeply thoughtful on this departure, this exile, the motives of which she could not penetrate.

Marguerita, the good Marguerita, perceived the melancholy of her daughter, and, clasping her in her arms, enquired of her the cause.

Estelle, without answering, took her by the hand, led her to the stone, and, bursting into tears, shewed her the words which were marked there. Marguerita participated in her sufferings, pressed Estelle upon her maternal heart, and would have gone the same instant to enquire in the village

what was become of Nemorin ; but Raimond, who then returned home, called to him his wife and his daughter.

" You are not ignorant," said he to Marguerita, " of the promise I made to Maurice. The time is now come for me to fulfil it; Meril arrives this evening from Lezan. You know him, my daughter; you know how much his virtues make him respected in all the district; prepare yourself to be his wife. Though I am obliged to go to Maguelonna on business of importance, I will not set out until you are married: it shall be in three days. Your mother can tell you it would not be in my power to give you to any other husband, even if I had not chosen so good a one for you."

Raimond, after having said this, went out to meet Meril. Estelle and her mother, quite confounded, as soon as Raimond was got at some distance, threw themselves into one another's arms. At length, Marguerita related to her daughter the vow made to Maurice. Estelle wept, and was silent. " Alas!" cried Marguerita, " I feel all you suffer; but I cannot relieve you. Thou art dearer to me than life, but I would die a thousand times sooner than oppose the least wish of my

husband: he is to me the image of God himself; his will is my law; and the qualities I adore in him add still more to the respect which his presence has over me. Pardon me, my dear Estelle, pardon me these sentiments, which nothing can alter. I know how to weep with thee; do thou know how to obey with thy mother."

At these words, she embraced Estelle; and both remained a long time encircled in one another's arms: but, perceiving Raimond coming, they hastened to wipe their eyes. The old man appeared, followed by Meril; Estelle turned pale at the sight of him, and Marguerita advanced to support her.

The young farmer presented himself with more freedom than gracefulness: his person, less agreeable than noble, proclaimed that gravity which stern virtue bestows: his eyes, not very animated, looked for Estelle without any appearance of eagerness.

"There is your wife," said Raimond to him; "she will love her husband, as she has ever loved her duties. With respect to yours, you know them, and I am sure you will fulfil them; for you are the son of Maurice."

Meril at these words took Estelle by the hand, and steadily looking at her, " Daughter of Raimond," said he, " my heart has been yours ever since the first day that I saw you at the wake in our village: I shall endeavour to gain yours: and, if esteem and assiduity have any claims upon a soul of sensibility, I trust I shall attain it in time."

Estelle blushed, without answering. Marguerita took up the conversation, while Raimond had the table put in order; seating Meril near Estelle, and, during supper, conversing of his friendship for Maurice, of the pleasure it afforded him to marry his daughter with the son of his old friend, and of the numerous flocks Estelle should have for her portion.

When the repast was over, the old man, wishing that Meril should hear the charming voice of his daughter, ordered her to sing: it was in vain that Marguerita would have spared her the painful task; for Raimond repeated his orders. Marguerita said no more; and the sorrowful Estelle sung this song, which Nemorin had taught her:

How delightful the morn is when first I discern,
At my windows, the swallows appear;
Sprightly birds! I rejoice at your annual return,
For you tell 'tis the spring of the year.
Hark! the same nest, they say, as they to it repair,
The same scene of affection shall prove;
Fond birds! that thus twitter in constancy's ear
The return of the season for love.

When the frost first appears to have silver'd the ground,
And the foliage no longer is green,
On the tops of the houses, assembled around,
The swallows together are seen.
Let's depart, let's depart, to each other they cry,
From the storms which the winter will bring;
From the tempests and snows faithful lovers should fly,
Where they live must for ever be spring.

If perchance on their passage, as cheerful they go,
Through misfortune one falls in the snare,
And becomes the sad victim of some cruel foe,
Who artfully did it prepare:
When he finds he's unable his mate to rejoin,
He quickly with grief wears away;
While his partner, as constant, begins straight to pine,
And, near to him, expires the same day.

Estelle could not finish her song. Raimond, who perceived it, would not insist upon it at that time. He quitted the table; and Meril, more smitten than ever with the charms of Estelle,

embraced the old man, beseeching him to hasten his happiness, and retired to his uncle Prosper, who dwelt at Massanna.

Marguerita, whose maternal eyes had never been taken off the eyes of her daughter; Marguerita, who knew and partook in all her trouble, tenderly desired Estelle to retire to rest. Estelle obeyed, came and saluted her father, and, falling into her mother's arms, pressed her closely to her bosom; then turning aside her face, to hide her tears, she hastened to gain that asylum where at least she was free to weep.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ESTELLE.

BOOK II.

The tortures of love are cruel; but the listlessness of an insensible heart is still more so: even the pleasures arising from grandeur, riches, and vanity, are not worth so much as the pains of lovers. A man loaded with honours, encompassed with treasures, and surrounded with slaves, often experiences a void more terrible than grief. He looks back with delight on his earlier years: he was then, it is true, poor, obscure, and despised: but he was in love; the remembrance of this alone is more pleasing to him than all the enjoyments of fortune or pride. O love! love! thou only canst satisfy our souls; and, when connected with virtue, art the source of all our felicity Ah, may she ever be thy guide, and thou her comforter! Children of heaven, may you never forsake one another, but always walk hand in hand

together! If in your way you should meet with vexations or misfortunes, mutually support each other: those misfortunes will leave you; while the happiness you afterwards enjoy will be an hundred times more charming, and the remembrance of former pains will give a greater zest to your pleasures. Thus, after a storm, the fields look more green; the country, covered with liquid pearls, appears more beautiful; the flowers with greater brilliancy lift up again their bending heads; and we hear, with increased delight, the lark or the nightingale singing and fluttering their wings.

Estelle, alone in her chamber, thought on the fatal marriage which, in three days, was to take place. She could not comprehend why Nemorin had forsaken her; she invented motives for his departure: she formed the resolution to go and seek for him; and, reflecting on the words, "the other shore," which were in the adieus of Nemorin, she resolved to go down to the side of the Gardon, to learn some news of him.

As soon as the day-light appeared, Estelle ran to the valley. She left her flock under the care of Rose, and, followed only by her favourite sheep, the same that Nemorin had given her on the day

when he excelled Helion, she went along the banks of the river towards the bridge of Ners.

As she proceeded, the sorrowful Estelle looked continually at the opposite side of the river. Whenever she saw a flock of sheep, her heart panted with hope; she quickened her steps, and approaching nearer to the river, stretched out her neck, and bent her body over the waves, while her eyes wandered in search of the shepherd. Sometimes a little hillock, or thick wood, or rocks, hindered Estelle from examining the other side; then she sung aloud, that Nemorin might hear her: but the modest shepherdess, not willing to be understood by any one but by him alone, had chosen this song:

When Anna found, the other day,
Her fav'rite lamb had gone astray,
She mourn'd her loss in grief profound,
While echo to the woods around
Repeated thus the plaintive sound:
Whither, fondling, dost thou rove?
Hast thou forfeited my love?
Alas! I am sure, if I know my own heart,
From the friend that I love I would never depart.

Sweet lambkin, that so oft I've seen,
Though suff'ring want, and hunger keen,

Yet all the fragrant herbage leave,
And only from my hands receive
The flow'rets which I chose to give;
Whither, fondling, dost thou rove?
Hast thou forfeited my love?
Alas! I am sure, if I know my own heart,
From the friend that I love I would never depart.

How, at the sound of Anna's voice,
Oft didst thy little heart rejoice;
Ah! whither, lambkin, art thou gone?
And canst thou hear thy mistress moan,
Yet leave thy Anna all alone?
Whither, fondling, dost thou rove?
Hast thou forfeited my love?
Alas! I am sure, if I know my own heart,
From the friend that I love I would never depart.

Estelle, having arrived at the angle which the Gardon makes opposite to Marueja, had only a short turn to take to reach the bridge of Ners, when she perceived a flock of sheep feeding in the peninsula which the river forms in that quarter. Estelle stopped, looked at them, but could neither discover the shepherd nor his dog. She continued walking on, when one of the sheep that was nearest the river's side began to bleat. Directly Estelle's lamb jumped into the river, and swam over; and, running in amidst the flock,

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leaped, skipped, and expressed its joy at finding them again.

At the commotion caused amongst the sheep, the faithful dog Medor began directly to run to them; and soon from a heap of wild medlar trees, which shaded a ruinated dwelling, Estelle saw a shepherd come out: it was he! it was Nemorin! Alas! he would have been known by none but Estelle: his dress was in disorder, his hair fell over his forehead, a deadly paleness covered his countenance, his withered cheeks were furrowed with tears, and his languid eyes looked stedfastly on the ground.

With slow steps he advanced towards his flock, when Estelle's ram came skipping to him. The astonished shepherd examined it, stopped, and lifted up his eyes towards the other side of the river: he saw Estelle motionless, leaning on her crook, and fixing on him her eyes, full of pity.

At this sight Nemorin screamed out, and hurried towards Estelle. Estelle, by an involuntary motion, made towards Nemorin. Both stopped not until the water wetted their shoes; then they cast their eyes sorrowfully downwards upon the

river which separated them, and looked silently at each other. At length, the shepherdess broke the silence.

" Nemorin," says she, " have you forsaken us? Why do you fly from our village, where they all love you, and where they thought you loved them? What motive has rendered your country hateful to you? Has some misfortune happened to you? Why will you change your friends?"

" Estelle," answered Nemorin; " Estelle, if you knew my heart, if you had the least idea of that sensation which so deeply and tenderly occupies my whole soul, you would be very sure that my death must follow this departure; but it was necessary, either that I should behold you unhappy, or become so myself. I could not hesitate. Alas! we are both so! I fear it, and I hope it.....Forgive me, Estelle, this expression; it escaped from my tenderness alone: misfortune is not presumptious."

The shepherd then related all that Raimond had said to him; the resolution of the old man to conduct Estelle into another country, if Nemorin would not exile himself from Massanna, if he had

not taken the oath never to repass the river. "I will keep this oath," added he, firmly. "I know your inflexible father: if I dared to brave him, it would be you that he would punish. Ah! let him not doubt of my obedience! I would expose my life a thousand times for my love; but, for my love itself, I cannot bring Estelle into danger."

Estelle, at these words, cast on him a glance of grief and tenderness. She then told him every thing that had happened since his departure; of the arrival of Meril, of his marriage being delayed, and of the little hope she had from her mother: but she did not dare tell him that the nuptials were to take place in two days, for she was afraid that might drive the shepherd into despair.

Nemorin, while listening to her, endeavoured to put on an air of tranquillity. He smothered the tears which filled his eyes, he disguised his torments for fear of increasing those of Estelle, and affected a courage which he had not, that he might communicate it to his mistress.

"Obey," said he, with a broken voice, "obey your father; it is the first of duties: woe to that

love which renders a heart less virtuous! Meril is worthy of esteem. The love he has for you will give him new qualities. In living near Estelle he cannot fail to become amiable. You will love him... yes, love him! love him!... be happy... If, to make you so, it is necessary to forget Nemorin entirely, if the remembrance of me can trouble your repose.... Estelle! Estelle!... I consent, I wish, that you would forget me. That effort, you may believe me, will never cost you so much as this one word costs me."

In saying these words, Nemorin turned back abruptly, hid his face with both his hands, and with hasty steps reached the asylum from which he came. Estelle dared not recall him. Her head sunk down on her shoulder, her eyes fixed on the shepherd; she remained motionless. Nemorin, having got near the clump of trees, could not hinder himself from turning his eyes towards Estelle. He stretched his arms towards her, and, with a stifled voice, cried, Farewel! He repeated twice this mournful farewel, and then flung himself among the ruins.

The shepherdess staid a long time on the same spot, but he did not appear any more. The un-

happy Estelle, determined on her last resource, called back her favourite lamb, who soon re-crossed the river. She then went back the same way to Massanna, though stopping at every step she took.

She had not quite lost sight of the shrubs which shaded the ruins, when all at once, as she turned round a hedge, she perceived a young man, who stepped before her, and presented his hand to her. It was Meril. Estelle blushed; but, being willing to profit of the moment, she conducted him into a little shrubbery of evergreens, which was near the river, and, trembling, said to him these words:

"Pardon, Meril, a young and timid girl, who till this day always lived free and happy, if she experiences a little fear at the moment she is to submit to a master. I cannot compose the agitation which fills my heart; I address myself to you to relieve it. But, before I open my soul entirely, as I ought, and as I wish, let me entreat you to answer me with the utmost sincerity. Do you really love me?"

"Estelle," answered Meril, "I have loved you these two years. The violence I have done to myself in only speaking to your father has rendered

this passion stronger. The certainty of being your husband has carried it to its height. This sentiment is more dear, more necessary to me, than life: it will only be extinguished with it."

At these words Estelle turned pale, and suppressed the confession she had been ready to make. She kept silent a moment, and then striving to recover her voice, "I esteem your virtues," said she to Meril; "but, before I became your wife, I could wish to have time to cherish your good qualities. I dare ask of you; I dare expect a favour of you, which I should not be able to obtain from my father. Defer yourself our marriage until he returns from Maguelonna. My heart will be moved with that mark of your love; and, if you knew this heart, you would not, perhaps, disdain to command its gratitude."

"You demand of me," said Meril, "a painful sacrifice; but, as you have desired it, it is become necessary for me so to do: I will go and speak to Raimond; I will endeavour to obtain from him what will be painful only to myself. I am ignorant of the motive for your demand. But since it is the secret of Estelle, it is surely respectable. Adieu! depend on my word. Those who are unacquainted

with the art of pleasing, should at least know how to obey."

Having said this, Meril left her. Estelle remained affected with his last words. The son of Maurice had inspired her with pity; but Nemorin, Nemorin alone, could inspire her with love.

While she was thus employing her last endeavours to preserve herself for him, the unhappy shepherd, a prey to cruel thoughts and overpowering reflections, without a friend, without a comforter, was surprised that his own virtue could not quiet his violent torments. Certain that he had fulfilled his duty, he was enraged with himself that he could not experience any alleviation of his misery. Returned to the side of the river, he looked at the place which Estelle had quitted, and could not take his eyes from it. Sitting on a large fragment of rock, bewailing the short moments of his past happiness, calculating the long years of his sorrowful future, he began to lament his sorrows in these words:

The die now is cast: I sink under the weight;
I've no hope of prevailing: alas! cruel fate!
What barb'rous delight canst thou take in my grief?
Ah! hasten my death: 'tis my only relief:

Why must I exist thus in torture? ah! why
Not grant me my boon? All I ask is to die.

Is this the reward of so constant a flame,
Of a virtue that never incurr'd the least shame?
Of my life and my strength I've devoted the whole
Unto thee, O thou Love! of all nature the soul;
I have serv'd thee until the last gasp of my breath,
And art thou, O Love! now the cause of my death!

Amidst all my pain, but one refuge remains;
I have seen, without succour, like me, on the plains,
A poor feeble elm, beat about by the wind,
While the rains underneath 'gainst its roots were combin'd:
It fell to the ground: like that elm, I presume,
I too may be still in the night of the tomb.

Nemorin ceased singing. A profound melancholy took possession of him. Fixed, motionless, with eyes sullen and fierce, he looked at the water rolling along. He felt in himself a violent desire to throw himself in the waves; and thrice he grasped the rock on which he was sitting, that he might not give way to this horrible temptation. At length, judging that the place would only increase his despair, he ran and collected his flock, began to proceed on his journey, and then leaving Ners upon his right, he directed his steps towards the mountains of Vezenobre.

Having arrived near the wood of Meigron, he beheld a lad about thirteen years of age, who came, with tears in his eyes, beseeching him, in a lamentable voice, to save him from a great misfortune. "I was," said he, "keeping my father's flock; my dog was asleep; ah, the dog of a shepherd of my age ought never to sleep! a terrible wolf came out of the wood, and has taken from me my finest lamb, which was at a little distance from its mother. The wolf ran off with it. The poor sheep followed after her lamb: she will soon be devoured with it, unless you will come to my assistance; for I am not big enough to kill a wolf, but I am big enough to love with all my heart those who do me any favour."

Nemorin, affected by the voice, gracefulness, and tears of the lad; Nemorin, whose misfortunes had increased his natural sensibility, seized directly an iron spike, which he always carried in his scrip, and, fastening it to his crook, he called his dog Medor, enquired which way the wolf had fled, and, guided by the lad, who ran as fast as himself, he flew, and pushed into the wood.

Nemorin, the lad, and Medor, ran a long time without taking breath: they could perceive nei-

ther wolf nor sheep. The youth, who kept always encouraging the shepherd, led him by several windings to a little hill, from which he could discover the plain of the Gardon and the village of Massanna.

At this sight Nemorin stopped: he experienced a transport of joy, as if, after long absence, he had seen his country again; with his eyes fixed on Massanna, and his heart palpitating with love, he sought out the house of Estelle, distinguished it; and his eyes were full of tears of joy. He experienced, what he had no more expected he should experience, a sensation almost pleasing. Happy upon this hill, he formed an intention to build a hut there, and never to leave it. O how eccentric are lovers! How miserable these unfortunate people make themselves! This same Nemorin, who fled from the peninsula of Ners, because Estelle had come there, would now dwell upon this mountain, whence he might see her house every day.

After having satisfied himself with a sight so dear to him, the shepherd recollected the lad, and reproached himself with having forgotten him. Determined to give him one of his sheep, to re-

place that which he had lost, he sought for him, he called, but in vain.

Having lost himself, he knew not any longer what way to take to rejoin his own flock, when he heard the noise of some little bells, and soon discovered his sheep, conducted by the lad for whom he was in such anxiety.

" Let your fears be removed," said the lad to him : " whilst you were here, your dog saved my sheep ; then I employed myself in bringing back yours to you : here they are. Farewel ! good shepherd ; the night draws on apace ; it is time that you should seek a retiring place. Our farm is too far off to offer it you ; but at the bottom of this hill you will find the good Remistan, whose hospitality will return you all the kindness you have been willing to shew me."

Having said these words, the lad took him by the hand, led him a few steps towards the other side of the hill, shewed him the valley of Remistan, and disappeared like a flash of lightning.

Nemorin cast his eyes on the valley, and became enchanted with the prospect. In a space of about

a mile square, surrounded with mountains, he beheld a meadow, intersected by many bowers of elm and sycamore trees. A loud waterfall poured down from the top of a rock, and became there a limpid stream. On its sides a little orchard, planted with the most fruitful trees, was inclosed by a quick hedge of wild quinces and barberry bushes. At some distance, the river formed a lake, in the middle of which was erected a cottage, shaded over with willows: large stones placed in the water, at a small distance from each other, formed the only way which led to it. A flock of sheep appeared feeding on the side of the lake; and an old shepherd, lying on the grass, accompanied with his flute the larks and the linnets.

Nemorin descended into the valley, crossed the meadow, passed over the rivulet, and proceeded towards the old shepherd. He was already close to him, when he saw him leave his flute, and begin to sing. Then Nemorin stopped to hear these words:

In this charming solitude,
Oaks and shady elms among;
Free from all disquietude,
Smoothly roll my days along.

In myself I joy possess,
Safe from vain desires I live,
And experience happiness
Which no scenes of mirth can give.

Milk that's pure, and fruit that's sweet,
Here my ev'ry want supply;
Flow'rs are strew'd beneath my feet,
O'er my head's an azure sky.
If sometimes a tempest loud
Causes me a moment's pain,
Soon it passes with the cloud,
The rainbow brings me peace again.

In the world, that restless state,
Man a prey to grief we find;
But, at length, a blest retreat
Calms the sorrows of his mind:
So these waters furious pour
Down yon mountain's rocky side,
When they reach this quiet shore,
Soft meand'ring on they glide.

Nemorin, after he had heard the old shepherd's song, approached him, saluted him, and requested hospitality of him. Remistan gave him a kind reception, offered him all he possessed, and invited him to follow him into his cottage, that he might present him with such milk and fruits as it afforded.

The lover of Estelle, led by his aged host, passed with him over the stones of the lake. He arrived in the little island, where every thing he saw was charming to his sight. The cottage was built on a little hill, covered by the arbutus shrub. Bee-hives, placed at the entrance, were surrounded with rose bushes, acacias, and jessamines, which afforded nourishment for the bees, and ornamented their dwelling. The inside of this retreat was a natural grotto, overrun by a wild vine. From the midst of the vine branches, full of leaves, spouted forth a fountain, which, falling on beds of leaves, slid away murmuring through a narrow mossy channel, and emptied itself into the lake. Many openings, chiselled out of the rock, contained large vessels filled with milk; others, not quite so high, were filled with fruits, placed in baskets. Farther off were collected the utensils of agriculture, the remedies for the sick sheep, the different sorts of garden seeds; all that was necessary for a man to live happily, and to obtain from nature those benefits which she can bestow.

"How much your lot is to be envied!" said Nemorin to the old shepherd; "your days roll on in this solitude innocent and peaceable. You never have to suffer the injustice, or the cruel-

ties of your fellow mortals. You possess real happiness; and love, formidable love, troubles not your felicity!"

"My son," answered the old man, "be assured that no mortal on earth enjoys perfect happiness. He whose lot seems to be the most agreeable has always some inward troubles. I, myself, though I thank the supreme being every morning for the happiness he grants to me, I mix sometimes my tears with this fountain of crystal water; I groan"....."Ah!" cried Nemorin, "you then have also lost your mistress?"....As these words fell from him, the old man smiled; and uncovering his bald head, "My son," said he, "observe these few white hairs. My age, which causes so many other misfortunes, at least preserves me from those of love. I no longer lament for my mistress, but I regret my country; and this sentiment never is extinguished."

"I was born on the borders of the Isere. A soldier from my very youth, I spent my best days in the camps of King Charles the Eighth. I served, during the Neapolitan campaigns, with that brave knight, the honour of Dauphiny, the glory of France, that Bayard, whose virtues have rendered our arms

more illustrious than all our victories in Italy. At liberty by the peace, I was detained by love in this beautiful country. I loved a shepherdess of Massanna"..... 'Of Massanna?' cried Nemorin. "Yes, my son, and I was beloved; but her parents obliged her to give her hand to another husband. Resolved to leave the place, that I might not add to her unhappiness, I came into this lonely retreat, to conceal my despair. Here, overwhelmed with grief, but at least free from any thing with which I might reproach myself, I employed, to relieve my mind, those helps which heaven has given us, reason, labour, and time. I cleared the valley, I turned aside the rivulet which enlivens my meadow; my hands adorned this grotto; I planted these trees which thou seest loaded with fruits; and that flock, which thou beholdest grazing under the shade of yonder poplar, is the produce of two lambs which my shepherdess gave me.

"The more I occupied myself, the less I suffered. I soon understood that my mistress was happy with her spouse; I blessed God for it, and I looked on this happiness as my recompence for having fulfilled my duty. By little and little my mind became calm; and there remained no more of my

old passion but an agreeable remembrance, which, affording a secret delight to my heart, rendered my solitude more dear to me, and attached me to life, by making me enjoy the chief of blessings, the esteem of myself. Tranquil in this valley, where I have created every thing, where I have seen the birth of every thing, nothing would be wanting to my happiness, were it not for one wish, which continually causes me uneasiness.

" I am old; I approach the period of life; and I should be glad, before that arrives, to see again the village where I was born, the country where I passed my infant years, the house in which my mother lived. I should not find her any more there, but I would go and weep upon her grave; I should discover the place where, when I was a child, I have seen her sit and spin. This urgent craving of my heart makes itself felt every day more and more, without my being allowed to entertain a hope of ever seeing it satisfied. Alone, without a relation, without a friend; how forsake my flock, my cottage, all my goods! how expose myself to lose, in a moment, that which has cost me so many years! Who would take care of my orchard, and of my sheep, during my absence?

Where can I find the amiable shepherd who would take charge of them until I returned?"

"My father," answered Nemorin directly, "I thought my soul was shut to pleasure; but that of hearing of you, and the hope of being useful to you, now reanimate it. I will take the charge of your flocks, your bee-hives, and your cottage, during the time you shall be gone to visit your country again. I have also a flock; at this moment it is scattered on this high mountain. Permit me to bring it down into the valley, to mix it with yours. My care and tenderness shall be equally distributed amongst them. On your return, you shall give me back mine; and the happiness which you will have enjoyed will have more than repaid my feeble service."

"Ah! I consent to it," replied the old shepherd; but I exact an oath from thee. Swear to me, by that thou lovest best, that thou wilt not leave this valley until I return; and if I stay more than two years, or death should surprise me in my long journey, honour me in accepting this grotto, this flock, this valley, which I have cultivated, in the hope of leaving it to a virtuous shepherd. I have found thee: be thou my heir."

Nemorin would have opposed the will of the old man, but his resistance was in vain. Remistan, with the point of his knife, inscribed on a fragment of bark the donation he had made to Nemorin. The shepherd, in his turn, swore to him, by the shepherdess he adored, but whom he would not name, that he would not forsake the valley before the two years were expired. "Nevertheless," added he, "I demand that I shall be permitted every day to ascend that mountain." Remistan would hardly agree to it. At length the old shepherd gave up this point, and went with his young friend to re-assemble the flock, which he had left on the mountain.

Both together drove them down into the valley: then the good old man settled Nemorin in the grotto. He instructed him in the principal secrets that long experience had taught him on the care of his flocks, and the culture of his trees. He added counsels for the happiness, or at least for the quiet of his life: and, without putting to him any indiscreet questions, without any appearance of seeking to penetrate into the cause of his grief, he knew how to mix in his discourse consolations most proper for the evils which the young shepherd suffered.

After having thus passed part of the night, the hermit and the young shepherd laid down on the same bed of leaves. The fatigue of the preceding day soon caused Nemorin to sleep: then Remistan, getting up, went out of the grot with the utmost precaution; and, without waiting for the dawning of Aurora, he immediately began his journey.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

ESTELLE.

BOOK III.

Real love cannot exist without esteem; but the most perfect esteem is not love. That passion, so soft and so violent, source of pleasures and of pains, of torments and delights, that flame which consumes and vivifies, is never kindled but once. Pure souls know how to sacrifice it to virtue, and give to duty every thing which depends on themselves: but they no longer experience that attraction, that irresistible charm, that rapid flight of all the thoughts towards one only object, those terrible fears, those lively hopes, those profound sorrows for a single look of anger, and those inexpressible raptures for a pressure of the hand: they are no longer felt; they pass away with the first love; the heart is no longer susceptible of them. It is like a lily cut from its stalk; the plant still lives, but it no more produces flowers. It was

not in the power of Estelle to love Meril, yet she did not the less render justice to his virtues. Certain that the estimable young man would keep the promise which he had made her, she was fearful that her father would not consent to defer the nuptials. In order to give the son of Maurice time to persuade Raimond, she passed all the day in the valley, conversing with the faithful Rose, and did not return with her flock till it was late. A trembling seized her as she re-entered the house. Meril waited for her at the door. "Recover your spirits," said he; "I have laboured against myself." He had only time to pronounce these words, when Marguerita and Raimond appeared.

"Estelle," said the old man, "I had resolved to unite you with Meril before I went to Maguelonna, where I am under obligations to discharge a debt due to a shepherd on the river Leza: but your spouse, who is not willing to be loved merely through duty, has asked to have some time allowed him, that he may gain your affection: I shall therefore set out before your marriage. During the fortnight that I shall be absent, Meril will be at his uncle Prosper's; he will see you every day, and, without doubt, will gain your love. The day after my return your marriage shall take place

nor shall any pretence whatsoever, my child, retard a moment which will be the happiest of my life."

While Raimond thus spoke, Estelle looked at her mother, and read in her sympathetic eyes that she participated in all her feelings. Meril took the hand of Estelle, and, gently pressing it, said to her in a faultering voice, " Are fifteen days sufficient to obtain that place in your heart which I would desire to possess?" " Alas!" answered Estelle, " gratitude has to-day given it you in my esteem." Raimond heard these words, turned towards his daughter, and kissed her. This embrace, to which Estelle was not accustomed, made her shed tears of joy; she even ventured to press her father to her bosom. The old man, who felt his daughter's tears bathe his white locks, embraced her a second time, and, turning away his head that she might not see his emotion, he said to her, " My daughter, I am content."

During the remainder of the evening, Meril, without losing sight of Estelle, did not importune her with his love. Raimond shewed him more tenderness, more confidence, and gave him an account of the vines, of the olive trees, and of the

flocks, which he intended to be his portion. He advised Meril to sell his goods at Lezan, and to come and dwell at Massanna, in order, as he said, that he might not live a day far from his dear daughter. Marguerita heard him with delight. Meril consented to every thing; and poor Estelle, her heart ready to burst with sighs, attempted to thank her father, and to smile upon her spouse.

The next day, before dawn, Estelle and her mother had already prepared all that was necessary for Raimond's journey. Marguerita had sewed up over-night, in a leathern girdle, the money that Raimond was to carry to Maguelonna. Estelle had filled a portmanteau with provisions, which two servants fastened upon their master's mule. Meril assisted them, lamenting that he could not follow the old man. "My son," said Raimond to him, "I leave you with your spouse and your mother: in abiding with them you will be most useful to me; and it is in loving each other reciprocally you will prove that you love me."

Having said these words, he mounted his mule; and, not allowing that any of his servants should accompany him, he set out on his journey to Maguelonna. Meril followed him with his eyes until

he was out of sight: then turning towards Marguerita and Estelle, "I have lost," said he, "my patron: now he is gone, nobody will love me." Estelle and her mother were moved with the affectionate manner in which he spoke those words. Marguerita reanimated his courage. Then Meril ventured to intreat Estelle that she would permit him to accompany her sometimes to the valley; and she could not refuse him.

From that moment the amorous Meril, without fatiguing Estelle by his assiduities, was continually employed in those delicate and engaging attentions towards her, which always gain a tender heart, when that heart is not already given to another. Too penetrating not to perceive that a deep sorrow preyed on Estelle, he strove perpetually to divert it, without ever seeking to discover the cause. Every day some new entertainment had Estelle for its object; every day some agreeable surprise compelled her gratitude. If the shepherdess spoke of a situation that seemed pleasant, the next day she found there a cottage which bore her name. If at any time she happened to praise some beautiful lambs, that evening those lambs were in her fold. Meril spared no expence to increase, or to adorn, the meadows and possessions

of Estelle: he even endeavoured to acquire those talents which were agreeable to her, and attained them so far as to compose this song, which he engraved on a beech tree.

I LOVE, but I cannot my passion express,
Nor tell the respect for Estelle I possess;
My muse to attempt it unable would prove,
She's so hard to describe, though so easy to love.

If I say she's the fairest of all that are fair,
'Tis no more than what each other swain does declare;
'Tis a truth that has long in the village been known,
And remains but a secret to Estelle alone.

Should I shew how each virtue in her does combine,
In her praise all her friends and relations would join;
The neighbours would say all the same, and much more,
But peculiarly so the unfortunate poor.

If, more hardy, I still should attempt to explain
The torments I suffer, th' excess of my pain;
My heart, it is true, would with feelings abound,
But language sufficient could never be found.

Then let me be silent, lest I should offend
The nymph whom I love; for I cannot pretend
To find words, what so highly I think of, to tell,
And I'd better say nothing than not say it well.

They were the first verses that Meril had ever made. Estelle read them, and smiled. Meril thought himself the happiest of men: but he was mistaken. The faithful shepherdess was entirely taken up in thinking on Nemorin. Every day she and her friend Rose led their flocks to the side of the Ners. As soon as they arrived at the bridge, she stopped, sat down on the banks of the river, and Rose went over to the other side to gain information of the exiled shepherd. She came back again some hours afterwards; and her sorrowful countenance afar off announced that her excursion was in vain. Now the shepherdess would weep; now she imagined that Nemorin had thrown himself in the river. All the endeavours, all the consolations of Rose could not remove this idea from her mind. The approach of the unhappy marriage served to fill the measure of Estelle's torments; but she lost all hope, when Raimond was to come home the next day.

That day, which Estelle supposed to be the last of her liberty, she rose as soon as it was morning, went and found her friend, and both descended into the valley. "My dear Rose," said she, "to-morrow it will not be permitted me to think of Nemorin; to-morrow I can no more pronounce his dear name:

let us, my amiable friend, make the most of these last moments which my heart may enjoy. I have begun this day rather sooner, that I may have the longer time to speak to you about him. Go with me down yonder, towards those two willows which shade that fountain covered with flower-de-luces and maiden-hair; it was there that, for the first time after my father's prohibition, he ventured to approach me; it is there . . . but I will not tell you till I shall be at the same place.

Then they walked silently together towards the fountain; where, as soon as they were arrived, Estelle, fetching again a deep sigh, said: "We were then very young; it was a short time after his victory over Helion. Mind, my dear Rose; I was sitting there, leaning against that tree: I was spinning with my distaff, and thinking on him. My thread broke, my spindle fell on the ground; I forgot to gather it up. All at once I saw him appear; he came by yonder way: he held in his hands a hat, in which was a nest of young linnets. Approaching me, he bent on his knees, presented me the nest, and sung a song, which I have never forgotten. Hear it, Rose; I will sing it. Perhaps I may weep while singing; but these tears will do me no harm: besides, have I not need to accustom myself to tears?"

J. Milton sc.

At these words the shepherdess embraced Rose, holding her a moment close to her bosom; then, endeavouring to recover her voice, "Stand you there," said she; "it is there that he was; and these are the words he sung to me:

This morning, in a may-blown hedge,
A linnet's nest I took;
An aged shepherd, in a rage,
Then came, and thus he spoke:
You wretch, you should be punish'd well
For taking them away:
I told him they were for Estelle;
He had nothing more to say.

The mother, trembling for her young,
Pursu'd me o'er the plain,
Entreating, as she flew along,
To have them back again:
"They're my first pledge of love," said she,
"Oh! give them back, I pray."
Estelle, I said they were for thee;
She had nothing more to say.

Blest birds! in plaintive songs express
My passion for my dear!
Alas! I can't that bliss possess,
For Raimond is severe:
Tell her, I moan the whole day long;
My heart, to grief a prey,
Thinks still on her, although my tongue
Dare nothing more to say.

Indulging themselves thus in conversation, the two shepherdesses passed the day at the fountain of willows. The prudent Meril, respecting their solitude, dared not come to interrupt them. They went home in the evening in good time, as Estelle expected to find her father returned.

He was not arrived. Marguerita sat up all night waiting for her husband. The sun rose without Raimond appearing: it retired to rest, yet he returned not. Marguerita was already bathed in tears; Meril spoke about going to meet him; Estelle, uneasy for the author of her life, in wishing for the return of her father, forgot her fatal marriage.

After three days vain expectation, Meril, impatient, insisted on going to Maguelonna. He armed himself with a stick pointed with steel, and, followed by one of his servants, he bid adieu to Marguerita and her daughter, promising not to come back again without Raimond.

He departed. The sorrowful Marguerita remained with Estelle and the amiable Rose. Every evening the mother and her two daughters (it was thus she used to call them) went to meet Raimond. Every day they advanced further and further; and when night covered the earth, they returned

fatigued to their house, but never resigned themselves to slumber until after they had offered up a fervent prayer to God, entreating him to preserve the travellers.

One night, during this pious employment, they heard the dogs bark; Estelle hastened to the door: it was Meril's servant. He was alone, and brought a letter. He presented it in a manner which chilled the mother and daughter with terror. Marguerita trembled as she broke the seal; Estelle and Rose listened, and she read this fatal billet:

"MERIL TO MARGUERITA.

"Arm yourself with all the powers of your soul, for the news I have to relate must give you a severe shock.

"War has again broken out betwixt the king of Arragon and our good king. The Catalonian pirates have surprised Maguelonna. They have slaughtered the inhabitants, pillaged and burnt the houses, and, retiring to their vessels on the approach of the forces of the district, have left behind them only ashes. My unfortunate friend was in the town during the night of this horrible carnage. The few citizens who escaped from the enemy are come

back again since their departure. Raimond has not appeared again. I have sought him; I have enquired every where for Raimond: I have no hope of finding him again. The dead were all buried when I arrived at Maguelonna .... why am I not myself near the body of my friend!

"Adieu! Marguerita: think that there remains to you a daughter, for whom it is necessary you should live. To me nothing is left: I will fly, therefore, to a desert. There will I wait, far from you, that death which shall reunite me to Raymond. It is the only means that my heart has left no more to trouble, by its constancy, her to whom I dare not say adieu!"

Marguerita fainted away at the reading of this letter. Estelle, bursting into tears, endeavoured to restore her to life; Rose assisted them both. At length, Marguerita recovered her senses: but tears could not yet relieve her. Her profound and silent grief could not give itself vent so soon. After a long and melancholy silence, she asked for the servant of Meril, to enquire herself concerning the particulars of his misfortune: but this servant was no longer at Massanna. His master had ordered him to proceed directly to Lezan, and to

sell what property he had remaining there; Meril determining to see his country again no more, but to go and end his days in a foreign land.

The disconsolate Marguerita was near dying of grief. Estelle lavished on her those attentions so soothing to minds of sensibility, and which they only know how to afford. Without speaking of consolation, she had the art of administering it to her. Driven herself almost to despair, by losing the author of her life, in mingling her tears with those of her mother she finished by wiping them from her eyes. All that the most delicate tenderness could imagine, all that it could put in practice, was employed by Estelle. Heaven rewarded her, by preserving her mother; but till the day that she was certain of having restored some tranquillity to that bleeding heart, the virtuous shepherdess forbad herself to think of Nemorin.

After more than two months employed in these pious attentions, Estelle allowed her mind to think of love. Nothing remained any longer to constrain her. Meril, by leaving his country, had himself renounced his claims. Marguerita was far from making any obstacles to a happiness which alone could alleviate her own sorrows. The dawn of a

happy future begun to open on the eyes of the shepherdess; nothing more was wanting than to find again him that she loved.

Marguerita was the first to speak to her about him. Estelle blushed, and embraced her. The good mother sent her servants directly to learn some tidings of Nemorin. Estelle and Rose searched for him on the mountains of Ledignan, in the woods of Saint Nazarus; they went even to the valley of Florian, approached the neighbourhood of Vidourla, and made the solitary rocks of Couta re-echo with the name of Nemorin.

All their excursions were in vain; the shepherd had been seen in none of those places. The two friends every time came back more afflicted to the good Marguerita, who comforted them in her turn.

One day, when Estelle and the faithful Rose were wandering by the side of Cardet, fatigued with the length of their journey, they sat down under a pine tree; and Estelle, looking at the cottages in the distant village, began this song:

Ah! if in your village there chance to be seen
A swain of so sprightly and charming a mien,
So sensible too, that he's form'd to delight,
To gain ev'ry heart, and be lov'd at first sight,
'Tis my friend: I beseech you my shepherd restore,
For he loves me indeed, and I do him adore.

If so plaintive, so tender, so sweet, is his song,
That echo's enchanted the woods all among;
If his flute, when he plays, does send forth such a sound,
That each shepherdess pensively listens around;
Still 'tis he: I beseech you my shepherd restore,
For he loves me indeed, and I do him adore.

If when he says nothing his looks do impress
Such a power as no other did ever possess;
If his jokes are so modest, yet cheerful the while,
That no nymph ever blush'd, but always did smile;
Still 'tis he: I beseech you my shepherd restore,
For he loves me indeed, and I do him adore.

If you hear any time that the lab'ring poor,
Regarding his flock as he goes by his door,
Intreats of the shepherd to give him a lamb,
Which he gen'rously grants, and besides gives the dam;
Oh! 'tis he: I beseech you my shepherd restore,
For he loves me indeed, and I do him adore.

Estelle had not finished her song, when a lad about thirteen years of age, who had heard her

without being seen, came out of a little thicket at a small distance, and said to her, in an affecting manner, " I know him whom you seek; come along with me, and I will bring you to Nemorin."

The shepherdess, at this name, could not forbear uttering a scream of pleasure. She pressed the hand of Rose, thanked the stripling in the sweetest manner possible, and both attended their young guide.

Hilaric, for that was the name of the lad, led them to the banks of the river, loosened a boat which was fastened by an osier band, handed the shepherdesses into it, and then, taking hold of the oars, rowed them to the other side. Rose was frightened, but Estelle encouraged her. The lad then conducted them towards the wood of Maigron. By many turnings they ascended and descended many little hills. At length they came to a little strait path, which led to the beautiful valley of Remistan. Charming place! but the place of exile, where the faithful Nemorin passed all his nights weeping for his mistress, and his days on the mountain, looking towards her house, which at a distance he could discern.

The departing rays of the sun now shone only on the tops of the mountains, when Hilaric and the two shepherdesses arrived in the valley. The anxious looks of Estelle wandered over the cottage, the orchard, and the banks of the unruffled lake. She could not see Nemorin, but afar off she perceived his flock, and soon recollected his faithful dog Medor. At this sight her eyes overflowed with tears of joy, and her heart palpitated with such quickness that she was obliged to stop and lean against a poplar tree. Some letters were cut on its bark; she looked at them, and read these words:

Lovely tree, which so often recalls to my mind
Those trees where I grav'd her dear name on the rind;
Ye pure limpid streams, and thou beautiful vale,
Whenever I view you, I think on Estelle:
O remembrance, tho' sweet, yet the source of much pain,
Forsake me! for why will you with me remain?

If sometime, perchance, as reclin'd in the shade,
By the soft murm'ring stream, I to sleep am betray'd;
In my dreams I behold the dear nymph with delight,
But I 'wake, and the vision departs from my sight.
O remembrance, tho' sweet, yet the source of much pain,
Forsake me! for why would you with me remain?

Ah! weak man that I am! by what madness possess'd,
Do I suffer such tumults to rise in my breast?
Alas! should these thoughts go for ever away,
I still find my heart would be ready to say,
O remembrance, tho' sweet, yet the source of much pain,
Why will you forsake me? oh! come back again.

Estelle wiped the tears from her eyes to read a second time these verses, when Hilaric discovered Nemorin, who was coming down the mountain by the same path where they had stopped. Estelle immediately concealed herself in a hazel thicket: Rose and the lad hid themselves with her: and there the trembling shepherdess, with tearful eyes, beheld all the movements of the shepherd.

He descended in silence, his head bending to the ground, and holding in his hand a green riband which Estelle had formerly given him. He stopped every now and then, looked at the riband, kissed it, and then walked on. When he came near to the spot in which the shepherdesses were hid, he fixed his eyes a long time on the riband, and suddenly turning round his head, "Why," cried he, "do I thus endeavour to encrease my misery by the remembrance of past happiness? Why still preserve these cruel pledges of a love which never can be fortunate? I will no

longer regard thee, O fatal riband! of which the colour has deceived me: begone far from me! begone for ever, along with all my treacherous hopes!" Saying these words, he threw away the riband, and appeared more resigned; but a gentle breath of Zephyr wafting the riband towards the hazel thicket, Nemorin sprang to recover it: then Estelle, more nimble than he, caught it, and presenting it to the shepherd, "It has not deceived you," said she; "Estelle still loves you."

Nemorin, astonished, could not believe his eyes, and remained motionless. At length, he shrieked, fell on his knees, and held out his arms towards Estelle.

The shepherdess, pressing his hand, with a lovely smile, lifted him up again. "Yes," said she, "it is myself, it is indeed myself. We have no longer any more misfortunes to fear. Rise, Nemorin, rise: our happiness is now beginning."

Rose and Hilaric then accosted him. She confirmed to the astonished shepherd, this assurance of felicity, which he still looked upon as a dream. As soon as the happy shepherd was recovered from his surprise, so as to be able to understand

them, they both led him to the foot of a tall poplar tree, and seated him in the midst of them.

There Estelle related to him all the events that had passed. She gave fresh tears to the memory of her father; and Nemorin had no need of reflection to repel from his heart the least expression of a joy that would have been offensive to his shepherdess.

As soon as Estelle had finished her recital, Rose was urgent that the shepherd should immediately come away with them back to Massanna. Nemorin cast down his eyes, and then looking up again sorrowfully towards Estelle, "My benefactor," said he to her, "the venerable Remistan, made me swear to wait for him here. This generous Remistan loaded me with kindness, at a time when, forced to renounce you, nothing was left me on earth. How can I break my promise to my friend? Ought I to violate an oath consecrated by the name of Estelle?"

Estelle, distressed and surprised, dared not advise Nemorin to break his promise. Rose endeavoured to find reasons for it; when Hilaric, smiling, said to them, "It is on me, on me alone, that your

happiness depends: listen, and return me your thanks.

" It is now almost three months since I was on this hill, catching birds, when your father, the aged Raimond, desired me to conduct him to the valley of Remistan. I left my bird-calls, and directed the old man, observing in my mind, at the same time, that he was very thoughtful and melancholy. We found the good Remistan employed in making osier baskets, at this same place where we now are. Raimond, after having saluted him, desired me to leave them by themselves. This awakened my curiosity: so, pretending to go away from them, I came round about, and hid myself in this very hazel thicket. It was improper, I confess; but my fault has been of service to you. Raimond began by relating to the hermit your passion for Estelle, his intention of uniting her to Meril, and the promise he had forced from you, that you would pass over the Gardon, never to return. ' I admire and I pity Nemorin,' added he, in a tone of emotion. ' I have taken from him his mistress, I have exiled him from his country; I will at least soften his banishment. But Nemorin would refuse my gifts: it is through your hands that they must be conveyed. I shall thus find the

double pleasure of doing good, and of remaining unknown.

'I know,' continued he, 'that for a long time past you have had an excessive desire to return to your country. You have offered many times to sell me this delightful valley; fix now your price, and I will buy it of you directly, provided you will find the means to make Nemorin accept this small recompence for all the misfortunes I have brought upon him, and that you have address enough to obtain from him a vow that he will not leave this place for a considerable length of time.'

"Such was the conversation of Raimond. The two old men consulted together on the manner in which they should draw you into this valley: they determined to employ me on the service. Then calling me to him, but without acquainting me with his intentions (which I already knew), he sent me in search of you, promising to give me four lambs if I succeeded in bringing you into this place.

"I sought for and I discovered you in the peninsula of Ners, and observed you, unperceived, that day when Estelle came to speak to you. The

next day I followed you, and pretended to have occasion for your assistance: thus I led you to the place where they wished you should come. Remistan has done all the rest. Raimond gave me the four lambs he promised, laying an injunction on me not to speak about it, which I faithfully kept. But to-day, having heard the sorrows of Estelle, I was willing to shorten her pain; and thought the death of Raimond disengaged me from preserving that secret any longer which would render you so unhappy."

The young Hilaric having thus spoken, Nemorin embraced him a thousand times. "My friend," said he, "seeing this valley, this orchard, and this cottage, are mine, I now give them to thee: for what need have I to possess any thing here, as I am going to live with my Estelle? Estelle, approving of Nemorin's gift, spoke for some time in praise of the goodness of her father. Her lover, too, added his eulogies; and these two virtuous hearts, forgetting their past misfortunes, shed tears together to the memory of their former persecutor.

The night now stretched its curtains all around; it was time to begin their journey to Massanna.

Nemorin departed with Estelle and Rose. Arrived on the banks of the Gardon, they met with some fishermen, who soon rowed them to the other shore, from whence they had but a very short distance to reach the village.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ESTELLE.

BOOK IV.

It is necessary that we should have known the terrible misery of living far from the person we love, to be capable of forming any idea of those raptures which the soul experiences, when the blessings which it had lost are restored to it. The bitter tears of absence must have been shed, to be sensible of the luxury of those sweet tears which fall when lovers meet. I pity thee, O thou unfortunate lover! who art forced by a cruel fate to quit the object of thy vows. Every step thou takest adds to thy sorrows: every hour recalls some lost pleasure to thy mind. Thou calculatest, in despair, all the moments which must expire before thy banishment will end; and thou thinkest to shorten them, by continually counting them over again. Thine eyes are cast an hundred times a day on the road which leads towards those places where thou hast left thine heart. With terror

thou comparest the distance it is from thee, and the traveller whom thou discoverest going that way seems to thee as if he enjoyed a happier destiny than kings. I pity thee; but thou wilt be an object of envy on that day when thou shalt fly again to thy beloved; that day when, discovering her house afar off, thou shalt discern her at her window, waiting the happy moment which will repay so many sorrows. Ah! that moment!.... if it were to be prolonged, thou wouldst not be able to support it; thy soul, which had strength to bear up against thy sorrows, would be overwhelmed with such an excess of happiness!

Nemorin experienced this in passing with his mistress over the river, in finding himself again in that valley which he had not had the hope of ever seeing more, in thinking that he was going to live with Estelle, to love her, to tell her so without controul, and to enjoy her as his own, ere many months were passed. These ideas, these hopes, the emotion which he felt, almost deprived him of reason. He walked silently along, holding the arm of his shepherdess, continually clasping it to his heart, and unable to express his rapture but by pressing to his lips the hands of Rose and of his mistress.

J. Mitan. sc.

The night had entirely closed in before they reached Massanna. Marguerita, uneasy for her daughter, had sent some servants, with lighted torches of pine, in search of Estelle, who she thought had lost herself. The joy she felt on seeing her appear with Nemorin, was the first she had experienced since the death of Raimond. She embraced the young shepherd; then joining his hand to her daughter's, "Her heart has chosen thee," said she to him; "in that choice her heart and mine have ever been agreed. Be thou her husband, Nemorin; and mayst thou make her as happy as she is beloved by her mother."

Estelle and Nemorin fell on their knees at Marguerita's feet. This good mother blessed them; then tenderly lifting them up again, "My children," said she, "I ask one favour of you. Three months have hardly elapsed since the death of my worthy spouse. Allow me to defer your marriage till the expiration of the first six months. I know very well that at that period my grief will be the same, but my mourning will be less deep. Besides, in spite of my friendship for Nemorin, the consideration alone that he was not my husband's choice seems to prescribe to me this delay. Par-

don me this, my children; decency requires it, and my heart demands it."

In saying these words Marguerita melted into tears. The two lovers comforted her, and promised not to speak of their nuptials until the six months were expired. Nemorin, after having an hundred times thanked Marguerita, Estelle, and Rose; Nemorin, transported with joy, went back to his former cottage, and gave himself up to the agreeable hope that nothing henceforward could oppose his happiness.

The next day, as soon as it was morning, he was in the valley. Estelle and Rose were not slow in following him there. Both stopped at some distance to observe the shepherd going from tree to tree, to discover again the letters he had formerly engraven on them. He imprinted his lips on those which he found again, and wrote anew those which time had obliterated. Nemorin, intoxicated with love, could not grow tired in reviewing these places. He cast his softened eyes on every object which surrounded him. He returned to this incessantly, and addressed them in these words:

Hail, thou spot! which I quitted with sorrow and care,
When my mind was all misery, all anguish my heart;
Lovely place! to affection and tenderness dear,
What rapt'rous delight do thy scenes now impart!

When obliged by a rigid command far away
To wander forlorn from this beautiful plain,
Still Love in my breast held unshaken his sway,
Though Hope liv'd no longer to solace my pain.

I must own that in various places I've seen
Streams, and flowers, and reclin'd under many a tree;
But those flowers and those streams, and that foliage so green,
Though charming to some, were not charming to me.

'Tis the country we have in our infancy known,
Where the clear limpid streams yield most joy to our sight;
There the flowers are more lovely, the trees there alone
Can under their shade give us greater delight.

Oh! how pleasant it is when our life we can end
In that place which the scene of our childhood did prove,
To grow old while surrounded with many a friend,
Without changing our dwelling, or changing our love!

It was now the beginning of summer; and all the flocks of the plain were, according to ancient custom, soon to leave the banks of the river, and go to the mountains, where they might enjoy a less scorching air, and a fresher pasturage. The sheep of Estelle alone formed a numerous flock. A master was necessary, while in a strange country, to watch

over the shepherds who conducted them. As long as Raimond lived, he always went the journey himself. Marguerita now required that Nemorin should supply his place. "It belongs to thee, my son," said she to him, "to take care of the property of thy spouse. Besides, thy return here, thy passion for Estelle, that attention which thou canst not hinder thyself from paying to her, would give a pretext to calumny. It is needful to separate you, Nemorin. Conduct our flocks to the mountains; thou wilt come back again in the beginning of autumn; Estelle's mourning will then be ended: her hand will recompense thee for the sacrifice which I now impose on thee."

This resolution of Marguerita pierced the hearts of the two lovers; but they felt the necessity of it. The shepherdess herself, in spite of the extreme uneasiness which the very idea of being separated from Nemorin occasioned to her, the shepherdess herself desired it of him; and the unhappy shepherd, always submissive to the will of Estelle, dared not to complain when she had spoken it.

The time of the departure of the flocks is a remarkable period in that country where Estelle

lived. Preparations are long made for it. Each farmer, each shepherd, marks his sheep with a letter or a cypher; he collects the men who are to conduct them to the mountains; gives them his orders, and his advice; and furnishes them with arms, and provisions for themselves. The day, the hour, is fixed, when all the flocks of the village meet in the same place. It is from hence they all set out together.

The march is begun by the goats, a light untoward troop, who advance, throwing up their heads, skipping, now dispersing themselves, then coming back again, choosing the most difficult paths, springing to the tops of the rocks, there stopping to browse on the extremities of the verdure, fearing neither shepherd nor dogs, and obedient only to their own caprice.

After them, at some distance, come the rams, whose fleeces have been cut away, to paint them of different colours. Their horns are encircled with ribbons. Their haughtiness and their gravity seem to be heightened by these ornaments. They proceed, followed by dogs, fortified round their necks with glittering collars, the steel points of which sparkle in the sun. These submissive and

faithful guardians allow the rams to take the lead when there is no danger to fear, but resume it at the least appearance of peril. Behind them come the young lambs and their dams, an innumerable flock, whose little bells accompany the bleating of the sheep, the barking of the dogs, and the songs of the young shepherds.

These last close the rear. Dressed in their holiday clothes, their hats and their flutes are adorned with nosegays, which they have received from their sweethearts. Armed with spears instead of crooks, a warlike air mixes itself with their natural mildness. Surrounded by all the inhabitants of the village, they advance, playing tunes which are answered by applauses. The shepherdesses gather together in the road they are to take; many among them shed tears; all put up prayers for their speedy return; and, hand in hand, accompany the shepherds to a rivulet, where the two bands separate, singing alternately this song:

SHEPHERDS.

LOVELY nymphs of the valley, adieu!
We are forc'd with our flocks to depart;
To countries far distant we go,
And thoughtfulness burdens each heart:
For while absent no pleasures our time shall employ,
We'll be strangers to love, and be strangers to joy.

SHEPHERDESSES.

Ye friends, and ye brethren, so dear,
And ye lovers, we bid you adieu!
May your hearts be kept true and sincere,
And fortune your footsteps pursue!
While you're absent no pleasures our time shall employ,
We'll be strangers alike or to love or to joy.

SHEPHERDS.

Sweet nymphs! on yon mountains afar
Though the flocks may delightfully feed,
Yet your swains are companions of care!
Yes, we shall be wretched indeed!
To divert us no pleasures our time shall employ,
We all shall be strangers to love and to joy.

SHEPHERDESSES.

Should a traveller happen to pass
By our village while you are away,
In amazement he'd cry out, alas!
This village was wont to be gay!
Why now does not pleasure your moments employ?
Why, ye nymphs, are ye strangers to love and to joy?

SHEPHERDS.

To render us faithless and vain
Should the nymphs of the mountains appear,
And try to console every swain,
We would say, ye are handsome, ye fair;
But while absent no pleasure our time shall employ,
We have vow'd to be strangers to love and to joy.

SHEPHERDESSES.

Should the beaus of the city the while
Attempt our affection to gain,
And with flattery our hearts to beguile,
We would tell them 'twas labour in vain:
While you're absent no pleasure our time shall employ,
We too will be strangers to love and to joy.

Such is the order of this festival, the arrival of which Nemorin saw with so much concern. He would not be present at the departure; witnesses so numerous would have put him under restraint in taking his farewel. While all the flocks were assembling in the valley, Nemorin and Estelle had promised each other that they would meet at the fountain of willows.

They both arrived before the hour agreed upon. Rose attended her friend. As soon as Nemorin perceived his shepherdess, he ran towards her. Estelle quickened her steps towards him. They approached each other, and would have spoken, but could not pronounce one word. A terrible weight oppressed them. They looked, weeping, at each other; took one another by the hand; and, still keeping silence, came and sat down near the fountain of willows. Rose staid behind at some distance from them.

At length, the shepherd said, " Must I then leave you again? Must I again go and suffer those torments which I thought would have been death to me? And it is you that have wished it; it is you that have commanded it! Ah! Estelle, I obey you; but you will soon learn how much it has cost me to fulfil your commands."

In saying these words, the shepherd let go the hand of the shepherdess, and turned aside his eyes full of tears. Estelle remained some moments before she could answer him. At last, with faultering voice,

" It is thus," said she, " thou consolest me! It is thus that he who possesses my heart takes care not to abuse it! Ingrate! it is I who remain behind; and thou who darest to complain! It is thou who venturest to compare *this* departure to that on which I cannot reflect without shuddering. Consider that the day of thy return is fixed; that the hand of Estelle awaits thee; and that nothing shall trouble us more".....

" Ah! forgive me, my dear Estelle," cried the shepherd, taking back her hand, " forgive the delirium which my grief occasioned. I leave thee!

I leave thee! that word alone deprives me of my reason. The most dreadful misgivings overwhelm my soul; the most sorrowful ideas pursue me; a secret voice seems to prophesy that I shall experience the greatest of all imaginable evils..... O my love, my dear love! swear to love me for ever; thou hast told me so a thousand times, but I have still need of hearing it; repeat again to me the vow, that thou wilt never forget me!"

"Forget thee!" answered Estelle. "Ah! observe where thou leavest me: here all is full of thee; here I shall behold thee every where. This meadow, this fountain, thy house, that of my mother, all that surrounds me, all that attracts my sight, will recall Nemorin to my mind. I shall come every day to this meadow, I shall come and sit down at this fountain, and my tears will bathe the place where thou art now sitting. I shall go by thy house, I shall enter again into my own, and both will be a desert. Ah! my love, my dear love, be not afraid that I shall forget thee; rather let us fear....Thy terrors have passed into my soul; I experience, like thee, terrible misgivings. Yesterday, in the evening, the bird of night came and perched upon my window; I heard his funereal cries even to the dawn of morn-

ing. O my love, my dear love! .... Do not, do not go; return to my mother; our tears will pacify her. Go not, my dear Nemorin; stay with me, stay with the half of thyself. Say, my love! tell me, tell me, dost thou wish not to go?"

Rose, hearing these words, made haste to reach them: Nemorin, transported with joy, was just going to consent to what Estelle desired. The prudent Rose opposed it; she recalled to their minds the resolution of Marguerita, the injurious reports against Estelle which the return of Nemorin would occasion, the respect, the obedience due to their tender parent, and, above all, the distress they would occasion her.

Rose spake! the lovers wept! but they agreed to the reasons of Rose. Nemorin rose to leave them, but Estelle detained him; she gave him a bracelet of her hair, which the shepherd put on his heart; then pressing his lips on the hand of Estelle, he bade adieu, again repeated it, and still could not resolve to proceed on his journey. Estelle also repeated farewell, bade him depart, but took not back her hand. Rose, at length, separated them; and, notwithstanding the tears, notwithstanding the cries of Nemorin, she dragged

far from him the unhappy Estelle, who still turned back her head, and stopped to hold out her hand to him.

The shepherd, motionless, followed her with his eyes. Soon he saw her no longer. At length, he tore himself away from the fountain, and took the road to Lezan.

It was near this village that Nemorin rejoined his flock. Pursuing his journey towards Anduze, he gained the woods of Valory; and, directing his way towards Melonza, after ten days journeying, he arrived on the borders of the Galaizon.

It was here he was to pass the summer. His first care was to seek out the most solitary pasturages. Afar from all the other shepherds, occupied only with thinking on Estelle, he buried himself in the mountain, he climbed up the steepest rocks. Impatient to see an end of the day, he folded his sheep before it was evening, and made haste to retire into his hut, hoping the next day would come the quicker.

He had already seen the sun retire to rest seventeen times, when one morning, plunged in the

most profound melancholy, he got up before the dawn, and went to sit upon a distant rock.

Aurora had not yet tinged the horizon, the stars scattered their brilliant fires through the vast expanse of the heavens; the waning moon reflected in the rivers its feeble and trembling light. The distant echo of the rocks answered to the monotonous cries of the inhabitants of the marshes; all the country was covered with a gloomy veil; some glow-worms, wandering here and there, could alone be distinguished in the general obscurity.

Nemorin, after having a long time meditated on this profound calm, which augmented his sadness, turned his eyes towards the east, and sung these words:

The sun now too slowly the morning pursues,
Bright Phosphor, arise, and dispel the dank dews:
Alas! when 'tis night, then I wish for the day;
But no sooner does Phœbus his glories display,
Than I wish him retir'd, and I long for the night;
For, far off from my love, I can find no delight.

On these lonely mountains all nature's asleep,
The rams now repose near their favourite sheep,
The lambs by their mother have sunk into rest,
And the wood-pigeon quietly sleeps in its nest:

'Tis only my lot thus to moan the whole night,
For far off from my love I can find no delight.

Whilst I'm sure to be lov'd, what's the reason of this?
The rest of the shepherds all envy my bliss,
And I know perfect happiness waits my return!
That Estelle will be mine then! but somehow I mourn;
Secret terror disturbs me all day and all night,
While I'm far from my love, from my only delight.

Thus sung the unfortunate shepherd; and now the early Aurora began to adorn the mountains with her rosy and golden hues. Nemorin, once so enraptured with the beauties of nature, Nemorin now beheld without delight the majestic rising of the sun. He returned melancholy to his flocks; when perceiving at some distance a shepherdess who was coming towards him, his idea was to avoid her; but, thinking he recollected this shepherdess, he stopped to look at her.

She drew near, with slow steps, with clasped hands, and seemingly overwhelmed with fatigue and sorrow. Nemorin looked at her attentively, but what was his surprise when he saw it was Rose!

Full of uneasiness and dread, he hastened towards her. He saw the tears in her eyes; but,

covered with deadly paleness, and with open mouth, he waited in silent expectation till Rose should inform him of his destiny.

" Unhappy Nemorin!" said she to him, " I was not willing to confide to any other the melancholy duty of which I am to acquit myself. Estelle has asked the favour of me; Estelle has entreated, that I would deliver to you the last expressions of her love, the last farewell of her heart"..... " What say you?" cried Nemorin..... " Is Estelle no longer living?"... " Yes, Estelle lives still; but to you she is dead."

At these words Nemorin fell on the earth, entirely deprived of reason. Rose ran to fetch some water from a neighbouring spring, sprinkled his face with it, called to him, and took him by the hand. The unfortunate youth opened his eyes, and looking sorrowfully towards Rose, " Put an end to my existence," said he, " oh! in pity, put an end to my life. Estelle has changed! Estelle no longer loves me! My life is a frightful torment! Estelle is changed! Estelle no longer loves me!" Repeating these words, he struck his forehead against the ground, grasping it with his hands as his last asylum, and biting the stones and grass, which he drenched with his bitter tears.

" Estelle adores you," answered Rose ; " and this love which cannot be extinguished, this love more dear to her than life, must for ever make her unhappy."

At these words Nemorin lifted up his head. " She loves me !" cried he ; " she still loves me ! Do you assure me of that ? Ah ! do you not deceive me ? If her heart is yet mine, speak ; I shall be able to bear every thing." Rose repeated to him that he was but too well beloved. The shepherd, then more calm, wiped his tears, and listened attentively to this recital of the faithful Rose.

" Eight days have not yet elapsed since Estelle said to me continually, that before three months were past you would become her spouse. We went every morning together to the fountain of willows ; there we passed the live-long day conversing about you ; and when the return of the gleaners told us it was time to go home, we went back to Marguerita, and there we still talked of you.

" One evening, while we were engaged in this agreeable conversation, we heard a violent knocking at the door ; we started, in spite of ourselves. After we had recovered our fright, Estelle and I

opened the door. Judge of our astonishment when we found it was Raimond and Meril. The first action of Estelle was to throw herself on her father's neck. She held him embraced a long time without observing Meril, and then ran to announce to Marguerita the unexpected arrival of her husband. O my friend! my tears still flow in recollecting the rapture, the transports of Marguerita. She could not believe her happiness; she gazed upon Raimond, she bathed him with her tears, and then dried them that she might still gaze on him, and assure herself that it really was him that she pressed against her bosom. Raimond, whose tears stifled him, made vain attempts to speak. Embraced in turn, and at once, by his wife and daughter, this old man, little accustomed to caressing, could not sustain the sensations which then agitated him.

"At length, when their general joy was a little calmed, Raimond, taking Meril by the hand, presented him to Marguerita and his daughter: 'Behold my deliverer,' said he to them; 'behold him who has restored to you your husband, and your father. Listen to the affecting recital of what he has done for me.' Then, notwithstanding the entreaties of Meril to desist, Raimond related how, on

the same night on which he reached Maguelonna, some Catalonian pirates had surprised and pillaged the town; and having awakened among the first who were alarmed (and having for his only arms a large stick), Raimond defended himself for a long while; but, overwhelmed by numbers, he was wounded, loaded with chains, and dragged to the vessels of the conquerors, who sailed away at break of day. He was carried to Barcelona, where, after he was cured, the pirates fixed so high a price on his ransom, that the generous Raimond resolved rather to remain in slavery, than to cause the ruin of his wife and his daughter by letting them know of his misfortune. Submitting to all the miseries of his fate, he served as a sailor on board the enemy's ships, and was reposing one day on the sea shore, when he saw Meril appear.

"Meril, after having supposed that Raimond was killed, after having written so to us, had sold all his property at Lezan, for the purpose of fixing his abode in Rousillon. Here, being informed by prisoners that Raimond was a captive in Barcelona, he hastened thither with all his fortune. That fortune became the price of Raimond's liberty. The virtuous Meril looked upon that day as the happiest of his life. More happy in his poverty than

ever he had been in his riches, he took with his friend the road to Massanna, where they were now just arrived.

" Raimond wept while he made this recital. He terminated it by taking the hand of his daughter, and saying to the worthy Meril, ' This is the only blessing that belongs to me, for all that I possess besides would not pay you what my ransom has cost you. Accept this, my friend, not to free me from any obligation to thee, I love to remain indebted to thee, but to add still more to what you have already done for me.'"

At this part Nemorin interrupted the young Rose: " It is all over then," said he; " my misery is now complete. I admire and I love my rival; Meril has merited the hand of Estelle. May they be happy! May they be happy together! and may I be the only one that is miserable!"

" After this behaviour of Meril," continued Rose, " Estelle and Marguerita were convinced that nothing could put aside the marriage, to which Raimond attached his happiness. This old man, without acquainting himself with what had passed during his absence, without testifying either curi-

osity or discontent, took Estelle aside, and shewing to her his arms, still black with the recent marks of his chains, ‘ What day,’ said he, looking at her, ‘ are you willing to espouse my deliverer?’ Estelle replied, to-morrow.

“ At this word Raimond embraced her: but, seeing she turned pale, he left her with Marguerita, and went to make preparations for the nuptials. Then Estelle wrote to you. I have burnt her letter, which would only have increased your misery. Fearing your despair, my friend desired me to set out with Hilaric to inform you of this dreadful news, to weep with you, and to offer you all those consolations which friendship can administer. These are the motives which have guided me: O forgive me, my friend, the ill which I do you.”

‘ They are then married?’ demanded the shepherd, in a mournful tone. “ They are indeed,” answered Rose; “ and never before were any nuptials celebrated under such melancholy auspices. The unhappy Estelle, pale, her eyes red with weeping, dragged herself to the altar. There, in bending on her knees, she fell on the stones. When the solemn oath was to have been

pronounced, her sobs and tears stifled her voice; and her eyes closed against the light. Marguerita and myself, who observed her commotion, sprung to her, and supported her on our bosoms. Meril would have put off the ceremony; but Estelle, collecting all her strength, raised herself up, seized the hand of Meril, and with a firm voice pronounced the dreadful word which engaged her for ever.

"In leaving the church, a violent fever seized her; and every day we expected she would breathe her last. Meril continually attended her; Meril, unceasingly attentive, but never importunate, lavished on her the most tender attentions. Since then, for three days, the married couple have had long conversations together: at the close of which they both wept; but Estelle was more tranquil. From that moment her fever has abated, and her life is now out of danger, at least as long as she does not see you: but if ever you seek to see her, if you should ever venture to appear before her, it is all over with my friend; your presence would kill her. I entreat you then, Nemorin, I beseech you, by my constant friendship, by the virtues of your own heart, by your love for

Estelle, never to come again into your own country. You have no longer any hope: all is finished for you. Add not to your misery by encreasing that of your beloved; in lighting up the jealousy of Meril, in making her at once the victim of her father, her husband, and her lover."

Rose ceased speaking. Nemorin preserved a dreadful silence. His dry eyes were fixed upon Rose without seeing her; his breathing was interrupted; he could neither speak nor weep. Rose waited some minutes; then holding out her hand to him, "Do you hate me?" said she to him. This word made the shepherd burst into a flood of tears. "*I* hate you!" cried he, "you! the only person on earth who deigns to sorrow for my misfortunes! *I* hate you, my best friend! Ah! while this heart shall beat, it shall ever be penetrated with the tenderest friendship for you. It has, alas! not long to love you.... At least, its last sentiment will be to obey your counsels. I will leave you, my dear Rose; I will go every day further off from her, from you, from all that is dear to me; I will, if possible, put the distance of the whole earth between her and me. Adieu! my friend, my only friend! adieu for ever! Rose, for ever!

This word, so agreeable to me formerly, oh! how bitter it is to me now! Above all things, never speak to her of me, never pronounce my name to her; tell her only that I am gone, that I am gone to live far from her, to cure myself, perhaps, of my unfortunate love, to force myself to imitate her example, and to forget..... No, Rose, no; never, never: tell her, rather, that my last sigh will be for her; that in dying I shall pronounce her name; that always..... Ah! Rose, Rose, my heart did not deceive me that day when I last bade her farewel: her heart presaged it also.... Farewel, Rose; my dear Rose, farewel! you will never see me more!"

At these words he threw himself on the neck of Rose, and folded her in his arms.

This shepherdess, who all her life had never permitted any shepherd even to kiss her hand, now herself embraced her friend, mingled her tears with his, and pressed him to her bosom. Her modesty was not alarmed: so true is it that friendship purifies every thing which it approaches.

At last the unhappy shepherd tore himself away from Rose, and fled precipitately, with an air of

distraction. Rose, alarmed at his despair, got up and ran after him. She called to him, she rejoined him; and, resolving not to leave him alone in the first moments of his anguish, she followed his steps.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

ESTELLE.

BOOK V.

TENDER friendship! thou delight of all good hearts, it was in heaven that thou wast born: thou descendedst on earth at the first miseries of mortals. The Creator, ever attentive to solace, by an act of beneficence, each calamity incident to human nature, opposed thee alone against all pains. Without thee, eternally the sport of fate, we should pass in tears the long moments of this short life. Without thee, feeble vessels deprived of the pilot, always beaten about by contrary winds, driven at their will here and there, through a sea overspread with rocks, we should perish without being pitied, or escape again to suffer. Thou art the tranquil port where we take refuge during the storm, where we felicitate ourselves after the danger. Benefactress of all mortals, thou alone bestowest on them those enjoyments which remorse and fear can never poison!

Rose remained three days with Nemorin, and afforded him all those consolations which the unhappy lover could receive. Without enquiring whether the way they went carried them farther from or nearer to Massanna, Rose was entirely engaged in endeavouring to give a little calm to the torn heart of the shepherd. He was the lover of her friend: this title alone made her cherish Nemorin as the most beloved of brothers. Rose called him by that name in those villages where they arrived in the evenings, and where the peasants hastened to afford them hospitality.

Hilaric followed afar off the amiable Rose; and would not disturb the conversations of friendship. After three days, however, he informed the shepherdess that she was getting further and further from her village, and that the roads by which they were to return there began to be unknown to him. Then Nemorin joined with the young guide in entreating Rose to return to Massanna. The friend of Estelle did not consent to it, until she had made the shepherd promise that he would be careful of himself.

Thus left alone, the melancholy swain plunged into the woods, where he remained several weeks,

feeding on the wild fruits, and continually brooding on his misery. Resolved to quit Occitania, he took the first road he found, and, walking without any fixed rout, after many days, which he never counted, he reached the plains of St. Eulalia. There he stopped, worn out with fatigue, rested himself at the foot of a mulberry tree, and for some moments closed his eyes. He was soon awakened by a soft and tender voice. This voice, which was not unknown to Nemorin, thus expressd itself:

The youth who, far absent from her he adores,
Counts the moments as slow they depart,
And he who the perfidy sadly deplores
Of the mistress so dear to his heart,
Although their condition may often seem hard,
Yet with hope they their state may endure:
How easy's their fate, when with mine 'tis compar'd;
For my sorrows admit of no cure.

I lov'd a dear nymph, the delight of the plain,
Her affection, her heart, was my own;
But, alas! on this earth there is nothing but pain,
No certain felicity's known:
Our joys, while we're here, all resemble the rose,
In the morning 'tis lovely and gay,
But no sooner its leaves to the zephyr unclose
Than it speedily withers away.

The nymph that I lov'd, the delight of my heart,
Alas! she has sunk in the grave;
All that beauty, or grace, or that youth, could impart,
Not a moment the virgin could save.
Ah! soon shall I follow my love to the tomb,
And be hid in the vault under ground;
When the oak is cut down, we may then tell the doom
Of the ivy which clasp'd it around.

Nemorin, affected by these accents, advanced towards the place from whence they came. He beheld a shepherd reclining on the grass, his head supported by his hand, and his eyes bathed with tears. Scarcely had he looked on him, but he recollected Isidore, Isidore his former companion, the first friend of his childhood, to whom Nemorin had not been able to bid adieu, when he first left Massanna, and whom he could not again find in the village when Estelle brought him back.

The two shepherds, on seeing each other, immediately run into one another's arms, in which they remained for a considerable time: they then gazed on each other, mutually divined their misfortunes, and, without speaking, each pitied the other. Nemorin broke silence. "My friend," said he, "I see it; we both suffer from the same

cause, Love"... "Ah!" cried Isidore, "speak only of friendship."

At this word he threw himself again on his friend's breast. Anxious, however, to be acquainted with each other's sorrows, they went and sat down under a myrtle hedge, which grew above their heads, and Nemorin commenced the recital of all which he had suffered.

He shed tears, and shed them abundantly. Isidore interrupted him, to recount the story of his misfortunes.

"You know my first calamities; you know that, when deprived of my parents in my cradle, I was brought up by a farmer of Massanna, the good, the worthy Casimir, whom the poor will ever lament, and whose loss the rich have not replaced. He died the same day that, for the first time, you left our village. Before he expired, he said these words to me:

'My son, you were born of a noble family, but you possess nothing. Your father, my best friend, committed you to my care in your infancy. I have endeavoured to inspire you with virtue; it

was the only heritage that a shepherd could leave. I will add to it, however, what little money I can spare, not from the poor, but from myself. Buy with it a flock, if you are willing to continue the harmless life of a shepherd. If the noble blood from whence you sprang inspires you with other wishes, go and fight for our good king; and may your valour restore to you all that of which fortune has deprived you! Whatever you may decide on, my dear son, never forget virtue, and sometimes think on my tenderness.'

"Saying these words, he expired. I shall not paint to you my sorrow: you behold my tears flow only at the name of Casimir!

"The next day I quitted Massanna, which seemed to me a desert. After having in vain attempted to search for you, I resolved to go to Montpelier, to ask a sword from that young hero, the celebrated Gaston de Foix, who then governed our states. I went down towards the ancient city of Sauve; I followed the banks of Vidourla, and I reached the delightful valley where St. Hippolytus is built. Enchanted with the country which surrounded me, I sat down on the side of the river; I leaned against an old poplar, to satisfy

my eyes with the prospect with which they were enraptured.

" It was then the beginning of spring. The meadows were enamelled with flowers; the linden tree, the bay, and the hawthorn, embalmed the air with their perfumes; a thousand birds were billing in the branches; the bulls and the rams sported with the heifers and the sheep on the grass wet with the dew of the morning; and the gentle zephyr agitated at once the trees and the silver streams. The soft murmurs of the waters, mingled with the gentle rustling of the leaves, the notes of the nightingale, and bleating of the flocks, overpowered my soul with an involuntary sensation; and, out of myself as it were, I listened to this song of the shepherdesses, whom I heard at a distance.

See, sweet Spring's return'd again!
Now from care and work refrain;
Dance, and sing, and laugh, and play,
This is nature's holiday!
Lose no time, each hour improve;
Spring's the season made for love.

Hark! the waters murm'ring by,
Hark! the gentle zephyr's sigh,
See, the verdure of the fields,
And the beauties Flora yields,

All proclaim, each hour improve,
Spring's the season made for love.

Hark! the goldfinch in the grove,
Hark! the plaintive turtle dove,
Hark! the lark, while soaring high,
And the chirping cricket nigh,
All are singing, time improve,
Spring's the season made for love.

Though dear nature's charming spring
Does revolving pleasures bring,
When our spring of youth is gone,
'Twill no more like this come on;
Then, ye youths, each hour improve,
Spring's the season made for love.

"In the midst of this reverie, which engaged all my senses, I fell into a gentle slumber. Scarcely were my eyes closed, when you appeared to me in a dream: yes, Nemorin, I saw you, in the same dress which you now wear, and the same blue silk handkerchief tied under your chin. You supported yourself on your crook, and looked at me with eyes full of tears.

'Fly, unfortunate man,' you said to me, 'fly; there is still time left to do it. In a moment thou wilt no longer be able. It is here that Love awaits

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thee. O Isidore, I pity thee: thou knowest him not, this formidable Love! Ah! may you never know him! May you never feel the miseries caused by absence, the tears which fear occasions to flow, the tortures of jealousy, vexations without motives, and the injustice of suspicion! Isidore, my dear Isidore, I am myself a sad example of the unhappy victims made by Love. Tremble, lest thou shouldst become more to be pitied than myself! tremble!'....

"At these words thou disappearedst. I awaked directly, and found myself bathed in a cold sweat. I heard some shrill screams, and saw two young shepherdesses, all pale, trembling, and dismayed, ready to throw themselves in the river, to escape from a furious bull. I got up, I saw the dreadful animal bounding along the bank, stooping his head, half closing his eyes, presenting his two menacing horns, and scattering around the foam from his smoking nostrils.

"Accustomed from my infancy to encountering bulls, I ran to him, I irritated him, and the furious animal made directly at me. Standing firm on my feet, I waited for the moment when he should bend down his head to strike at me: I

sprang upon his two horns, forcing all my weight on the one, and raising up the other, I overturned him without any struggle*.

"The bull fell, and rolled into the stream. At the noise of his fall the two shepherdesses came back. Encouraged by seeing the bull swim to the other side of the shore, they came and thanked me for the service I had rendered them.

"O my friend, that very moment decided the fate of my life. Adelaide, for so was the youngest shepherdess called, was scarcely sixteen. Sweetness and grace were painted in every feature. Her beauty, the lustre of which struck at first sight, seemed afterwards to borrow its charms from her goodness and sincerity. A look at her was sufficient to excite admiration; but no sooner did she cast a glance on you, than she was loved without thinking on her beauty.

"Delphine, her elder sister, asked me, I believe, some questions. I hardly heard her; Adelaide occupied me entirely. When I would have

* The young peasants of Languedoc are exercised to this manner of fighting bulls.

answered, my tongue remained frozen; a trembling seized me all over; I stammered a few words without connexion. Delphine perceived my confusion: she spoke to her sister. Adelaide blushed. I felt myself blush; and my embarrassment redoubled.

" The two sisters then left me. I did not dare to follow them. They stopped at a little distance, and employed themselves in gathering narcissuses. Delphine chose the handsomest; Adelaide culled them by chance: sometimes, even quite lost in thought, she let those narcissuses fall which she had gathered already, and cut the grass instead of the flowers.

" Delphine, less embarrassed than her sister, informed her that it was time to retire. Adelaide repeated it herself. Both took the road to a castle, surrounded with turrets, built on the top of a hill. A goatherd informed me that it was the strong castle of Aguzan; that it belonged to an old knight, the richest and most powerful in that country, who had been sometime a widower, and was father to the two beautiful damsels I had just met with.

" Overwhelmed by this information, I immediately beheld the abyss of woe into which a love without hope had precipitated me. Every thing that you had said to me in the dream directly came into my mind. Alarmed at the miseries which awaited me, I would have fled: I returned to the road, but I could not pass beyond the old poplar where I had slept. Seated in the same place, my eyes fixed on the spot where I had seen her, endeavouring to think upon my own affairs, but able to think on her alone, I waited the morrow.

" As long as the night lasted, I promised myself to set off at break of day. As soon as the morning had displayed its charms, I then resolved to wait till the evening. I ran through the meadow, seeking the flowers which she had dropped: my heart fluttered with joy; whenever I found one of them, I loaded it with kisses. Richer with this treasure than had I possessed all the wealth of the world, I then went and sat down again at the foot of the poplar, where I sung these words:

Sweet narcissus, which lately a virgin possess'd,
Whose complexion was fairer than thine,
Since in this lonely mead thou art fall'n from her breast,
I for ever will take thee to mine.

Sweet flow'r, since 'tis thee that the shepherdess chose,
Since 'tis thee that she cull'd from the ground,
From this time thou surpassest the lily and rose,
And art king of the vallies around.

Sweet flow'r, I'll esteem thee my principal bliss
Until death shall my passion remove:
I will gaze on thy charms, all thy beauties I'll kiss,
In the pleasing delirium of love.

To adorn the dear breast of so lovely a maid,
No doubt, was most flatt'ring to thee;
But while on my heart, in my bosom, thou'rt laid,
Far from her thou never canst be.

"I had scarce finished, when I heard a noise. I turned round my head, and beheld Adelaide with Delphine. I rose to salute them. I hid my flowers in my bosom, and seemed as if I would have retired, but Delphine stopped me."

'Shepherd,' says she, 'we ought to retire, if we interrupt your songs.' "My songs," I tremblingly replied, "cannot be interesting to any person here. Pardon a stranger for having forgot himself in these charming places."

'You may continue here without any fear,' Adelaide then said to me; 'these meadows be-

long to my father; and we are under such obligations to you, that we ought not to treat you as a stranger.'

"In saying these words a suffusion overspread her countenance: she viewed Delphine with a timid look, as if she asked her approbation to what she had said. I would have answered, but I could not. Delphine pitied my embarrassment: she asked me my name, my country, and what motives led me to St. Hippolyta. I hesitated not to recount to her, that, having lost the good Casimir, I was without a friend, without an asylum, and that I was going to serve in the forces of Gaston de Foix. Delphine dissuaded me from this design; Adelaide added, that Casimir was not the only one who knew how to love virtue in distress.

"At that instant the meadows re-echoed with the sound of horns. Presently a pack of hounds arrived, conducted by many servants; in the middle of them an aged gentleman, with a grave and noble countenance, armed with a long cross-bow, gave orders to all the hunters.

"He seemed at first surprised to meet his daughters in the meadow; but Delpine, springing to his

neck, wished him a happy day's sport, and assured him they had only risen so early that morning to employ themselves for his interest."

'For some time past,' said she to him, 'you have been wishing to procure a chief shepherd; and here is one from those Cevennes where the shepherds are so renowned. I will answer for him myself. You will not reject him when you know the service he has rendered us.'

"Delphine then related to her father the danger from which I had rescued them. The aged Aguzan asked me several questions: I repeated, blushing, what I had told already to his daughter. The old gentleman took me into his service, offered his hand to me in token of friendship, and ordered one of his huntsmen to conduct me to his flocks.

"In going away I met the eyes of Adelaide. That single glance completed the loss of my feeble reason. I ran to take possession of the flocks. The next day I led them into that beautiful meadow, now become so dear to my soul. Adelaide came there again. I dared to approach her; I dared to speak to her. She answered me with

that sweetness, that gracefulness, that modesty, which refine love at the same time that they encrease it, and make the most ardent of passions the most amiable of virtues.

" Adelaide spoke to me concerning my situation, offered up prayers for my happiness, and instructed me in the best means to gain the affections of her father. I was enabled to put them in practice. At the end of some weeks I was the favourite of the old man: I was steward over his farm, his flocks, and his house.

" Adelaide congratulated me on my success, and I could not reply to her; I was not able sufficiently to express to her my happiness and gratitude. In the fear of saying too much, I said not enough. The respect with which her presence inspired me was even more great than my love.

" Our agreeable interviews became more and more frequent. Adelaide and Delphine came every morning into the meadow. I was at the castle the rest of the day. Never had I pronounced the name of love, yet Adelaide was sensible that I adored her; never did she say a word that could give her father the least suspicion, yet I was certain I was beloved by her.

" At length, I ventured to inform her of my birth. This information gave pleasure to her heart. A ray of hope entered into our souls. Ah! how senseless were we!

" One day Adelaide came later than she was accustomed to the meadow. She was melancholy; her countenance no longer possessed those brilliant hues which resembled the vermil apple. Her eyes had lost their wonted lustre; her hands trembled as she laid hold of mine." ' My friend,' said she, in a feeble voice, ' last night my father informed us, that, in order to procure to my sister the most splendid match in the province, he was resolved that I should take the veil. Delphine screamed with horror. She threw herself at my father's feet; she besought him to stop a marriage which would render both of us miserable. My father repulsed her from him. Exasperated at her supplications, and my silence, he declared, in a terrible tone, that to-morrow he would carry me to the convent of Anduze, from whence I should never come out more. The tears, the cries of my sister, did but inflame his rage. His ambition is flattered by the idea of having for his son-in-law the young count of Assiers, and his love for me is sacrificed to that ambition.

'But I shall not go to the convent. The disorder and fright I have felt, the fury in which I have seen my father, have produced in me such violent sensations, that their consequences must prove fatal. A burning fever has consumed me all the night; my head and my inside seem on fire; and scarcely can I support myself. The certainty in which I am of sinking under my miseries has inspired me with strength once more to come and see thee again, to bid a last farewel to this delightful meadow, the asylum of our loves. My heart melts as I behold it; my tears flow as I look at this venerable tree, where for the first time..... Ah! my dear Isidore, take me from this place: here I should regret life too much.'

"As she spoke these words I perceived her faint away. I supported her; I called to her; but she replied not. I carried her, in this situation, to the castle, where her maids put her to bed. Her disorder was soon at its height. The aged Aguzan wished me to relieve Delphine in the care she took of her sister. Thanks to an order so dear to me, I never quitted Adelaide from that moment. Always attentive to assist and wait upon her, continually kneeling at the feet while Delphine sat at the head of her bed, we spent nine days and nine

nights, weeping when Adelaide closed her eyes for a moment, and composing our countenances whenever she opened them to look at us. Ah! my friend, how painful is this feigned composure! What did not Delphine and myself suffer, when hiding our tears under an air of cheerfulness, and affecting a hope which we did not possess! Death, death itself, which we so much feared for Adelaide, would have been to us an hundred times more agreeable than the continual agonies we endured.

"In the mean time, Aguzan, alarmed at the danger of his daughter, had sent to Montpellier for advice. The physician waited for the eleventh day to pronounce our sentence. The eleventh day came. The physician took his leave! I fell senseless on the ground on seeing him depart.

"When I came to myself, I went to take my place at the bed of Adelaide. She knew nobody. For three days she had been delirious. She, however, looked stedfastly at me, and regarded me with that ghastly smile which brings tears into the eyes of even the most insensible."

'I am cured,' said she to me; 'to-morrow I shall marry Isidore; to-morrow I shall become the

wife of the most amiable of husbands: after that I shall die. I have promised it. I wish you would be present at my wedding, and that you would die with me.'

"As she spoke thus incoherently, she held out her hand to me; but her father coming in, she pushed me away, pronounced the name of the convent, and her delirium increased to madness.

"As night approached, her disorder seemed to abate. It was now the twelfth night that Delphine and I had passed without closing our eyes. Delphine prevailed on her father to retire; and, overcome with fatigue, she threw herself on a couch, where, in spite of her grief, a profound sleep seized on all her senses. All the maids and servants of Adelaide were likewise asleep. I only was awake in her chamber. She was then calm; overcome with the force of her disorder, she reposed, or seemed to repose. I viewed her for a long time; I contemplated that countenance which, but a few days before, was the most beautiful in nature, now red, flushed with heat, and covered with a parched skin; that mouth, lately the sanctuary of love, from whence never proceeded any words but those of affection and tenderness, now

exhaling a fiery and short-fetched breath. I wished to inhale it, hoping thereby to imbibe her disorder, and to die with her. I gently approached my head towards her, and, reclining on her bolster, I received with gloomy pleasure the effluvia which exhaled from her bosom.

" The kind of happiness which I then enjoyed in finding myself supported by the same pillow with Adelaide, the extreme fatigue and the watchings of the preceding days, made me sink, in spite of myself, not into sleep, but into a deep heaviness, which deprived me of the use of my faculties. All my strength was exhausted, all my senses were stupified; overcome with what I had suffered, I lost all sense of pain, and experienced that horrible repose which is given by annihilation. My eyes, nevertheless, were not closed; my eyes were not taken from her; for I believe that I saw, and did really see her turn round her head to look at me; and, gently raising herself, and leaning with difficulty upon her elbow, while she stedfastly looked at me, she said to me these words, which I think I still hear her repeat:

' My well-beloved, I am going to leave you; I am going to leave you for ever. I thank you for

loving me; you have rendered happy all the time of my life that I have known you. I die, my dear friend; but sure I am I shall not die in your heart, and that no other will ever occupy my place there. For myself, if, as I hope, love can subsist after death, my spirit, while waiting for yours, will be always occupied with you, will follow your steps, will continually hover around you, will be the assiduous witness of your actions and your thoughts. Think on this whenever you weep for your love; your tears will thus be less bitter. Farewel, farewel! my dearest friend, farewel! My death is not painful, since I die in your arms. It would indeed be much easier, could I say, Farewel, my husband, farewel! Accept this title, O my well-beloved; I give it you at this moment; and I take God to witness it, who beholds all our actions, and Death, who is now waiting to receive me. He is here: I feel him. Receive quickly, O my husband, this ring, which I have worn ever since I was a child, and which I give you as a pledge of my love. Receive also this kiss from your spouse; it is the first and the last she has ever given.'

"At these words I felt her lips pressed softly on my face, and a scorching tear fell from her eyes on my cheek. I immediately recovered my

senses: I looked at her.... but she was no more. She was no more, O Nemorin! and I found on my finger the ring she had worn from her infancy, and I felt on my cheek the scorching tear which fell from her eyes....

"I raised myself; I cried out, I called her my wife; I pressed her to my bosom. This awakened Delphine, who in vain attempted to quiet me. I pushed her far from me. Still she encreased her efforts, fearing the arrival of her father. She ordered the servants to force me from the body of her sister. They seized me; they would have dragged me away: but I cast myself on the ground. I clasped fast hold of the bed, against which I beat my head; while the blood, mingling with my tears, ran down my face. Delphine, on her knees, entreated me to follow her out of the room: she persuaded me to quit the castle; and, fearful lest the fury of her father should be exerted against me, when so many testimonies should convince him of my love, she made me vow to wander far from the melancholy scene, the place of sorrow. I swore to her that I would do so. I ran to hide myself in the neighbouring woods, sunk into stupid grief, incapable of forming any ideas; passing the nights in caverns, uttering horrible cries, calling

on the name of Adelaide, and spending all the days with my face lying on the ground, that I might not behold the rays of the sun.

" At length I left the wood. I wandered from village to village, every where lamenting my misery, demanding bread, which was given me as an unhappy madman. I learned yesterday that the Spaniards had declared war against us, and that they over-run our country with fire and sword. I seek them, that they may kill me.

" Such, my friend, is my fate. Believe me; weep for Adelaide, but attempt not to console me."

Such was the recital of Isidore. Nemorin, without making any answer, pressed him for a long time in his arms. Resolved never more to quit one another, these two unfortunate youths got up, and were going to pursue their journey, when a noise which they heard from behind the hedge, where they had been sitting, made them turn their eyes on that side. They instantly perceived a warrior standing, who fixed on them his compassionate eyes.

This warrior, scarcely nineteen years of age, was tall and well proportioned; his countenance, handsome and agreeable, had all the graces of youth; his long dark hair fell in waving tresses over his armour; his helmet lay at his feet; a white scarf, bespangled with fleur de lis wrought in gold, supported his rich sword. Every thing declared him a prince; while his eyes, his air of nobleness, courage, and goodness, testified that he was a hero.

The two shepherds, awed with respect, drew back in silence; when the prince approached towards them.

"Stay, shepherds," said he; "I never love to see any but the enemies of France fly from me. Concealed amongst these shrubs, I have overheard your conversation: I have wept at your misfortunes; and I entreat you to accept from me every consolation which my friendship can bestow. I was born a prince; but I am a man, and my heart draws towards me all those whom my fortune divides from it. Take courage then, shepherds and deign to put confidence in the words of Gaston de Foix."

At the noble name of Gaston the two shepherds bent one knee to the earth. Gaston, the nephew of Louis the Twelfth, was governor of Occitania. His justice and his goodness made him dear to the whole province. There was not a shepherd but had heard of Gaston: all knew that it was to him they were indebted for the felicity they enjoyed. The mother who every morning taught her child to return thanks to the Supreme Being, taught it at the same time to bless the name of Gaston.

The prince hastened to raise up the shepherds. "How happy am I," said he, "to think I wandered this morning from my camp to breathe here the freshness of the morning air! Yesterday I relieved two persons in distress, and God has rewarded me to-day in leading me to two others."

As he pronounced these words he held out his hand to the shepherds, who bathed it with their tears. "Do not quit me," added Gaston; "but come with me, and defend your brethren. The virtuous Louis, judging of the hearts of other kings by his own, thought that treaties were more sure than conquests: he is punished for his confidence. The perfidious king of Arragon has sent an army,

under the command of the valiant Mendoza. Half of Languedoc is ravaged; and Mendoza is already before the walls of Nismes. I go, to die, or to defend them. Follow me, my brave shepherds; exchange your crooks for lances; and may the glory of having usefully served your country console you for having in vain served love."

Thus he spoke: and the two shepherds, determining never to forsake the hero, took with him the road to the camp.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

ESTELLE.

BOOK VI.

O GREATNESS! how excellent art thou when engaged in the service of virtue! How pleasing to the feeling mind is the spectacle of a great man employed in relieving his fellow-creatures! How often have I enjoyed the sight! How frequently have I seen objects of distress surround in tears him who put an end to their misfortunes; him who, born in the purple of royalty, forsakes his palace, and flies to their cottages, to raise them up when destroyed, and to bring back abundance! I behold him daily, this beneficent mortal, traverse his immense domains, and choosing for the moment of his appearance that in which the poor have need of him. There, where the winter has been most severe, where the flames have exercised their ravages, where the impetuous torrents have carried away the hopes of the husbandman, it is there where he is sure to be found. Engaged in

following misfortune; he arrives almost as soon as itself, to efface its footsteps. He appears, and the poor is rich, the unfortunate dries up his tears, the oppressed obtains possession of his rights. It is for their sakes he values his rank, it is for them that he has riches. The benefit he has conferred is his reward; above all, when the object is ignorant of the donor! Ah! let his modesty be not alarmed; my respect and my love prevent me from naming him.

Isidore and Nemorin, conducted by the amiable prince who interested himself so much in their behalf, silently pursued the road to the camp; when the young Gaston, to turn their thoughts from their misfortunes, talked to them of their country, of the advantages which distinguished it from the other dominions of Louis, and of that celebrated city where the troubadours went every year to dispute for the eglantine, marigold and violet of gold, which are appointed for the reward of genius. The prince was ignorant of the origin of this ancient and famous custom; Nemorin, to inform him concerning it, having formerly learnt of one of the shepherds on the banks of Arriege the romance of Clementina Isauria, thus related it to the prince.

ISAURIA. A ROMANCE.

WHERE Thoulouse rears its stately head,
A place long known to fame,
There liv'd a young, a beauteous maid,
And Clementine her name.

This nymph the handsome Lautrec lov'd,
And was belov'd again;
But their inhuman parents prov'd
The source of all their pain.

Say, fate, why does it happen so,
That oft those souls, we see,
Who with the finest feelings glow,
Are born to misery?

Alphonso, Clementina's sire,
Had long resolv'd in mind,
She should not have her heart's desire,
Nor be to Lautrec join'd.

"I've fix'd upon a spouse," said he;
"Him, daughter, you shall have:"
The nymph fell down on bended knee,
And thus did pity crave:

"Oh! press me not with him to wed;—
My life you did impart;
Take that again, and strike me dead,
For Lautrec has my heart."

The sire, to whom revenge was dear,
Ne'er heeded lovers' pains,
But took her to a prison near,
And loaded her with chains.

He put her in a dungeon deep,
Far off from mortal sight,
Then left the maiden there to weep
And mourn from morn to night.

Soon as the constant Lautrec found
The prison where she lay,
Like a true swain he watch'd around;
Lamenting night and day.

So have I seen a mournful bird
Attending near the cage
In which its partner was immur'd,
Nor would its grief assuage.

One midnight, at the solemn hour,
She heard her lover's voice;
Which, like some sweet celestial pow'r,
Made ev'ry nerve rejoice.

Unto the dungeon bars she sprung,
"Lautrec, my love!" said she,
"Those plaintive sighs to thee belong,
Ah! weep no more for me.

"Wipe up your tears, ah! dry them quite,
Think not my faith I'll break;
This dungeon and these chains are light
When borne for your dear sake.

" Yet from my father's fury fly,
For 'tis in vain to stay;
Go, seek the meed of vict'ry,
Where Philip leads the way.

" When he beholds your martial deeds,
Your fate his heart will move,
For Philip has a heart which bleeds
For persecuted love.

" Yes, Philip will our cause espouse,
Then take this pledge with thee,
This nosegay, pledge of sacred vows,
And wear it, love, for me.

" These flow'rs my constancy will shew,
These I to thee resign;
The marigold, the violet blue,
And lovely eglantine.

" The wild rose is most dear to me,
The violet too's my flow'r;
The marigold will th' emblem be
Of th' anguish I endure.

" These flow'rs, which now I ardent kiss,
And water with my tears,
Shall make you recollect our bliss,
Our sorrows, and our cares."

She said; and from the grate she threw
Those flowers to her swain,
Who saw Alphonso come in view,
Then fled across the plain.

He took the nearest road he found,
Intent on love and fame,
And wak'd the echoes all around
With Clementina's name.

It happen'd soon that war broke out
With th' enemies of France,
And Edward's armies on their route
To Thoulouse did advance.

Quickly he then return'd again,
But scarce had reach'd the lines,
When many a chief of Thoulouse slain
The victory resigns.

One only warrior still remain'd,
Who too would soon have died,
But Lautrec with his shield sustain'd
Him, fighting by his side.

He saw 'twas Clementina's sire:
Exerting then his aid,
Resolv'd to conquer or expire,
He val'rous deeds display'd:

His body did the old man screen,
Till pierc'd with many a wound;
Such brav'ry ne'er before was seen,
And th' English fled around.

Alas! his wounds too fatal were,
He fell on honour's bed;
Alphonso would have left him there,
But dying thus he said,

" Ah! cruel father of my love,
I would have been thy son,
But thou wouldst not my vows approve;
Ah! now my glass is run:

" Yet still I have revenge most dear,
I've sav'd her father's life:
This death is sweet; oh! hear my pray'r
For her my wish'd-for wife!

" Oh! render happy all the days
Of lovely Clementine,
And tell her what her Lautrec says,
Ere he does life resign!

" I charge thee with my last adieu!
Take back these bloody flow'rs;
Tell her my love was ever true,
I lov'd with all my pow'rs.

" This treasure, nearest to my heart,
With dying lips I kiss,
And now to thee the gift impart;
Alphonso, give her this."

Thus having said, he breath'd his last:
Alphonso, overcome
With sorrow for his conduct past,
Convey'd the nosegay home;

Relating all to Clementine,
And back the flow'rs he gave:
The lovely nymph began to pine,
And soon sunk in the grave.

But, ere the chilling hand of death
Had seiz'd upon her mind,
She did by testament bequeath
The goods she left behind:

She there ordain'd, that ev'ry year,
In mem'ry of her love,
The flow'rs those fav'rite bards should wear
Who did most skilful prove.

And that they should be wrought in gold
She order'd by her will:
Which custom still their country hold,
And faithfully fulfil.

Nemorin had scarce finished his romance, when they arrived at the camp of the young hero. The two shepherds, surprised at the sight, stopped to view it. The quantity of glittering lances, the tents of which the streamers waved in the air, the colours, the standards, all the martial retinue, filled them with admiration. The prince perceived it.

"Shepherds," said he, "these are our cottages; they are less peaceable than yours; but love inhabits them likewise. In the midst of the tumult of arms, we sigh here as well as you, and like you we also are faithful."

While he was thus speaking, he beheld the principal generals of his army approach towards him: the brave Narbonne, the young Bernis, the prudent Crussol, and the amiable Duroure. These valiant warriors, whose noble ancestors were the glory of Occitania, conducted to their general a soldier of the garrison of Nismes, wounded, and breathless with fatigue. This soldier brought to Gaston a letter from Talleyrand, governor of the city; and related to him, that, pursued by the Spaniards, whose camp he had passed through, he had received two wounds from a cross-bow, which however had not retarded his progress. The prince loaded the young soldier with presents, and commanded Nemorin to take care of his wounds.

The shepherd had not need of this command: he had recollected the young messenger; it was Hilaric, that amiable lad who conducted Estelle to the beautiful valley. Nemorin embraced him a thousand times; and, as soon as his wounds were dressed, he enquired what circumstances had forced him to leave his country? how long it was since he quitted Massanna? He dared not mention the name of Estelle, but multiplied his questions on every subject connected with the shepherdess.

"You are then ignorant," said Hilaric, "of our misfortunes. A detachment from the Spanish army has penetrated into our peaceful retreats, has ransacked our property, destroyed our flocks, burnt our houses".....

"What say'st thou?" cried Nemorin? "And thou dost not speak of Estelle!"

"She is fled," answered Hilaric, "along with the greatest part of the inhabitants. Estelle, Meril, the aged Raimond, Marguerita, Rose, and myself, came and sought refuge in the walls of Nismes; but the terrible Mendoza arrived there yesterday: Mendoza has now blockaded the city. Our governor is in want of provisions. He enquired if any soldier was willing to attempt passing the Spanish lines, to convey a letter to Gaston. I offered myself. I have succeeded; and your prince is thereby informed, that if he delays longer than two days, Nismes will be obliged to surrender."

Thus spake the young Hilaric. Nemorin made him repeat that Estelle had escaped from all danger. He learned also, with a pleasure mixed with bitterness, that Meril was solely occupied in promoting the happiness of his wife; that he had

many times exposed his life to defend her in the flight; and that since his arrival at Nismes, no soldier had shewn more zeal or more valour than Meril.

While Nemorin was applauding the good qualities of his rival, Gaston called a council of war, and determined to attack Mendoza. Every obstacle was foreseen, all the hours were calculated; but it was necessary that instructions should be sent that night to the governor of the city, to prepare for a sally, which might assure the victory. Hilaric, who was wounded, could not return to Nismes. Another messenger, therefore, must be sent, who could clear twelve leagues before morning, and be able to escape the enemy's guards. The enterprize was dangerous. Nemorin immediately offered himself.

Gaston embraced him, and gave him a letter for Talleyrand. Isidore would not quit his friend; and both, armed with lances, immediately set out on the journey.

Animated by all the motives which have a power over ardent souls, the two friends, in six hours, had traversed the long space which they had to go. The dawn had not yet appeared when

they came near the Spanish camp. To avoid it, they took a circuit to approach the city on the side which they supposed was the least guarded.

But the prudent Mendoza, fearing to be surprized by Gaston, had stationed guards so as to cover the country all round. The unfortunate shepherds advanced silently behind a long hedge, which hid from them one of the enemy's posts. All at once they came directly upon it, and found themselves surrounded by eight soldiers, who called to them to surrender.

Isidore ran his lance through the first that approached him. Isidore, at the same instant, fell himself, weltering in his own blood. Nemorin wished to defend him; he received a large wound; and while he held out his hand to assist his companion, the soldiers, falling on him, disarmed him.

"My friend," said Isidore to him, "congratulate me: I am dying; I am going to join my Adelaide. The only regret which I feel is to leave you in the perilous situation which surrounds you; my only pain"..... He could not finish: he expired. The Spaniards immediately dragged away Nemorin, who demanded to be conducted to their general.

Being arrived in Mendoza's presence, and surrounded on all sides, he took out the letter which Gaston had entrusted him with, and looking at the Spaniard with respect and boldness, " Sir," said he, " I have sworn to suffer death sooner than betray these contents. Open then my bosom, if you desire to read them."

As he pronounced these words, he tore the letter, and swallowed the various fragments of it. Immediately a general cry was heard, and a thousand swords were raised over Nemorin. Mendoza thrust them back.

" Stop," cried he, " stop, brave Castilians; respect a noble action, which, without doubt, you yourselves would have done. Courage, when defenceless, has ever been held sacred by the Spaniards. And you, young and valiant soldier, return to him who sent you; tell him my vigilance has been able to prevent your penetrating to Nismes; but that, without deigning to be too inquisitive concerning his mysterious designs, Mendoza proposes to him a way for delivering the besieged city. Let him, in the face of our two armies, enter the lists with me alone. If he is victorious, the siege shall be raised: I pledge my honour to

him. If he is conquered, I demand his assurance likewise, that the city shall be surrendered to me."

After these words, he ordered Nemorin's wounds to be dressed, and commanded an escort to reconduct him to Gaston.

Nemorin, penetrated with admiration for Mendoza, but distressed at having failed in his commission, and above all that he had lost his friend, intreated the Spanish general to grant the unfortunate Isidore the honours of burial. After having obtained this mournful favour, he hastened to leave the camp, and soon rejoined Gaston, who was advancing by forced marches to his enemy.

Gaston arrived, drew up his army on the delightful plain of Vistra, sent to apprize Mendoza that he accepted the conditions, and demanded the day of the combat, the hour, the place, and the arms. The Spaniard replied to him, To-morrow morning, at break of day, on foot, with sword and dagger, in presence of both the armies. The lists were immediately erected; both the warriors began to prepare for the battle; and the two armies offered up their prayers to heaven.

As soon as Aurora had opened the gates of the east, the ramparts of Nismes were crowded with soldiers. The tops of the amphitheatres, the roofs of the temples and houses, were covered with a multitude of people. The Spanish lances glittered on the summit of the Tourmagne. Different posts of French or Castilian troops occupied the surrounding hills; and the distant mountains were thronged with the inhabitants of the country, who with uplifted hands to heaven implored its assistance for their defender.

At the appointed hour the Spaniards quitted their camp. Covered with glittering coats of mail, which reflected the rays of the sun, they marched with the utmost regularity into the plain, and slowly ranged their battalions, bristling with spears. A profound silence reigned amongst them. Immoveable in their ranks, occupied only in obeying, they saw only their chiefs. Valour and haughtiness seemed painted on their sun-burnt countenances, a noble and austere gravity tempered their warlike ardour.

The French quitted their tents. Their light battalions ran and formed themselves opposite their enemies: chiefs and soldiers mixed together. The

equality of courage, freedom, and national gaiety, rendered them all companions. Resting negligently on their lances, they seemed as if assisting at an entertainment. Without hate as without fear, they smiled at their enemies, informed them that Gaston was invincible, and seemed to lament Mendoza for having provoked the young hero. The Castilians shuddered, and were silent. The French laughed, and sung this song:

GASTON! GASTON! your country's fame and glory
Depends upon your valour; your skill you now must prove;
When therefore in the combat keep in your view before ye
The noblest prize of honour, the mistress that you love:
The triple federation ensures success in fight,
For prowess, love, and glory, in Frenchmen all unite.

When in the field of battle, or in the tents of Venus,
We meet a cruel enemy, or still more cruel fair,
Our gallantry and valour soon decides the cause between us,
For vain is their resistance when we the combat dare:
The triple federation ensures success in fight,
For prowess, love, and glory, in Frenchmen all unite.

When o'er the hardy warrior or mistress we're victorious,
So lenient is our triumph, the soldier ne'er complains;
And to the vanquish'd fair ones we even think it glorious
To yield ourselves submissive, and joyful wear their chains:
All own the federation ensures success in fight,
For prowess, love, and glory, in Frenchmen still unite.

But soon Mendoza made his appearance, mounted on a stately courser of Andalusia, which, curbed by his master's hand, scattered around the foam with which he whitened his golden bit. Jewels sparkled on his armour; a plume of red feathers shaded his helmet; and a scarf of the same colour supported his glittering sword. He advanced gravely with a haughty air, ordered the barrier to be opened, left his steed at the entrance, and, walking about, waited for Gaston.

This prince approached on full gallop. White plumes waved on his head, his armour of polished steel shone brighter than the diamond. On his shield was seen an amorous cypher; the same cypher was embroidered on his splendid scarf. Swift as the lightning he flew, arrived, and leaped to the ground; saluted Mendoza, and demanded the signal.

The trumpets sounded; and the two champions, with sword in one hand, and dagger in the other, furiously began the attack.

Gaston, more impetuous than his valiant adversary, made immediately four thrusts at him, which were all parried. Mendoza, in his turn, then pressed

Gaston; pretended to aim a thrust at his face; and then, rapidly dropping his sword under that of his antagonist, he reached his side: the blood instantly gushed out.

At this sight the French turned pale, the Spaniards uttered a cry of joy. But the skilful Gaston, at the moment in which he was struck, turning away his body, made by this movement the wound but slight; and, lunging forth his left arm, thrust his dagger at his enemy's neck. The dagger broke against the coat of mail, but the blood of Mendoza did not the less stain his arms; and the French, in their turn, answered to the shout of the Castilians.

Gaston had now only his sword. Mendoza saw this, and threw away his poignard. "Prince," said he, "I desire no advantage; let our arms be equal as well as our valour."

As he spoke these words he pressed on Gaston, and aimed a blow at his head, which made the hero stagger. Gaston fell back a step or two, sprung on one side, and, uniting all his strength, struck his sharp sword upon the Spaniard's helmet. The broken helmet rolled in the dust; Mendoza

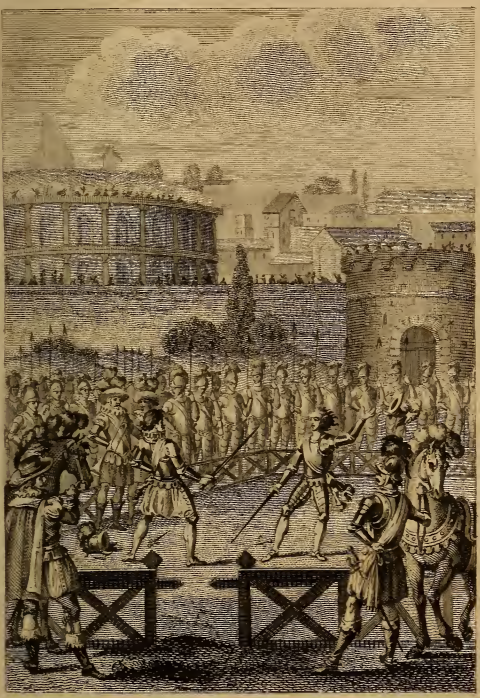
himself touched the earth with his left hand; but he raised himself more terrible than ever. "Stop!" cried Gaston to him; "the danger is not equal."

He spoke, unloosed his helmet, cast it from him, and continued the combat.

The two armies, filled with admiration, trembled for their valiant chiefs. Their heads were no longer defended but by their swords, and their multiplied attacks inspired with terror the bravest soldier; when suddenly a courier approached, who advanced towards the lists with all the speed with which his horse could carry him, and called out to the two heroes to stop.

At his cries, and those of the two armies, Gaston and Mendoza, surprised, suspended their combat. The courier, in the name of the king of France, commanded the barrier to be opened, and delivered a letter from Louis to Gaston. The prince, having read it, cast away his sword.

"No more of war," cried he; "our monarchs cease to be enemies. Germaine, my sister, marries your sovereign, and becomes the guarantee of a firm and lasting peace between Louis and Fer-



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dinand. To me, above all, this peace is dear; I prefer the friendship of Mendoza above the glory even of having resisted him."

He said; and the Spanish hero, moved by so much courtesy, wished to kiss with respect the hand of the brother of his queen. Gaston embraced him, and the two warriors quitted the lists to proclaim peace.

This happy news was soon circulated. A thousand joyful acclamations rent the sky. The gates of the city were opened: the inhabitants offered their houses to the French and Spaniards. The two generals, taking one another by the hand at the head of their two armies, now mingled together, entered the city of Nismes in the midst of acclamation. Both were conducted to Talleyrand's house, where their wounds were dressed. Their soldiers were quartered among the citizens, and the severest discipline prevented any disorder intermingling with the general festivity.

Nemorin, the only unfortunate amongst such a multitude of happy persons, had not quitted Gaston. As soon as that prince had entered the palace, the sorrowful Nemorin traversed the city,

desiring, yet fearing, to meet Estelle. He dared not ask any information concerning her; he trembled to pronounce her name; but he enquired of all he saw if they knew not Rose or Marguerita. Scarcely would any one listen to him; none gave him an answer; for soldiers, citizens, and foreigners, were all taken up with the public joy.

The shepherd employed all the day in his useless search. In the evening he wandered again through the city; when, passing by an ancient temple of Diana, he found himself suddenly in the middle of a burial ground, where many new-made graves recalled to mind the horrors of the siege. Nemorin stopped in this solemn place: he seated himself upon an ancient tomb: and there, fixing his eyes on the earth, that only asylum where the weary are at rest, enveloped in the shades of night, and surrounded with funereal images, Nemorin heard in silence the cries of the solitary screech-owl, seated near him on an iron cross.

He experienced a secret pleasure while he thus gave himself up to the profoundest sorrow; but presently he heard, at a small distance from him, the sound of groans and lamentations. The shep-

herd listened, lifted up his eyes, and could just distinguish, through the gloom, a female in mourning, kneeling with clasped hands on a grave. Her head was covered with crape. Nemorin approached her, and heard her pronounce these words:

"O thou, who didst possess of my heart all which it could grant thee! Thou who didst wish to render me happy, but wert not rendered happy by me! Forgive me, O my worthy spouse! forgive me, for always avoiding thy pure love, for having accepted the sacrifice of thy chaste desires. I owed them to thee; I was not worthy of thee. Thou meritedst a partner whose heart would have been thine alone; but mine could never extinguish the flame with which it was first enkindled. Ah! at least, if from thy celestial abode thou canst read the bottom of my heart, thou canst not doubt the sincerity of my grief. The bitter tears with which I bathe thy tomb must at least prove that my respect and friendship for thee are no less dear to me than my first love."

At these words, and the sound of this voice, Nemorin believed himself in a dream. Moveless, and lost as it were to himself, he listened a long time before he could be certain that it was Estelle. When he could no longer doubt it, he

sprang towards the shepherdess, threw himself at her feet, and with sobs cried out, " Is it thou who art restored to me? Is it indeed my Estelle, whose knees Nemorin thus embraces?"

Estelle, terrified at first, yet soon recollected the shepherd; but, without leaving him time to persist in his conversation, " You are," said she, in a severe tone of voice, " upon the tomb of Meril; you are speaking to his widow! she ought not, she will not listen to you."

At these words she fled. Nemorin, struck with fear, remained kneeling on the tomb with open mouth and extended arms.

Yet the desire to know where Estelle resided soon brought him to himself. He got up, ran after her, and saw her enter into a house of mean appearance, which the shepherd gazed on a long time. At length, with a heart full of grief, not daring yet to indulge itself with hope, he returned back to the palace of Gaston to relate every thing to his protector.

The prince consoled the shepherd. He did more; he took the necessary measures to complete the felicity of Estelle and Nemorin. Immediately

he issued orders for the inhabitants of Nismes to assemble in the amphitheatre. Gaston took care privately that the aged Raimond should be amongst them. The prince then, followed by his officers and Nemorin, presented himself in the midst of the affectionate multitude, who made the air resound with transports on viewing their deliverer.

" Citizens," said he to them, " I have fought for you; but to the best of kings you must ascribe your deliverance; it is he who has given you peace; yes, you owe every thing to Louis, nothing to Gaston. Let us then together implore that heaven will long preserve to us the father of his people!

" I entreat, nevertheless, your grateful remembrance of one of your compatriots, who, commissioned by me to inform you of the day of my arrival, was taken by the Spaniards, and would sooner have suffered death than deliver up the letter which I had entrusted him with for you. Behold him!" added he, " behold this virtuous soldier!" at the same time presenting Nemorin to them. " There is but one reward alone worthy of his heart; and it is of thee, Raimond, that I ask it. Nemorin adores your daughter. The glorious

death of Meril has left her at liberty. Acquit, then, the debt of thy country, by giving Estelle to her worthy lover. Gaston de Foix entreats it of thee: Gaston wishes to command nothing; but he beseeches every citizen to join with him to persuade Raimond."

Having thus spoken, all the people gave a shout. Raimond threw himself at the feet of the prince. Nemorin was already there. The hero raised them up, and made them embrace each other.

"Will you pardon me my felicity?" said the shepherd to the old man, with trembling accents. 'My daughter is thine,' answered he; 'but you will doubtless consent that the marriage should be delayed'... "Till the moment," interrupted Nemorin, "that the ancient friend of Meril shall deign to fix it."

As soon as he had said this, he besought him to give him his blessing. Raimond granted it. The whole assembly applauded; and Gaston dismissed them with these words:

"I now quit you, citizens, to repair the ruins of war, to convey relief to the desolated villages.

You, Nemorin, will second me: I charge you with the distribution of my treasures to the inhabitants of Massanna. Go, then; rebuild their houses; purchase new flocks for them; relieve, succour, every unfortunate person; and be not afraid of exhausting my treasures: I am then only rich when I bestow them."

At these words the hero retired, to avoid the transports of gratitude and love. He then rejoined Mendoza; and departed with that warrior, who was to restore to him the places taken during the war.

Oh! what were the joyful sensations of Rose and Marguerita when they saw Nemorin approach, conducted by Raimond! Estelle almost fainted away at the recital of what had passed. Her blushes and her silence were her only reply.

Nemorin, out of respect to her mourning, would not utter one word which might in the least displease the shepherdess. Intimidated even by his happiness, hardly dared he look at Estelle, hardly seemed he to remember that he had been beloved by her. It was to Rose that he spoke of it, it was with Rose alone that he appeared to have the air of a lover.

The next day they quitted Nismes, and took with them Hilaric. They soon arrived at Massanna. From that hour Nemorin was busily employed in distributing the gifts of Gaston. He rebuilt the cottages, caused the lands to be recultivated, recalled the labourers; and, that the days might pass the swifter, he employed the whole of them in acts of goodness.

At length, the long year of mourning ended, and the happy Nemorin became the spouse of Estelle. Rose conducted them to the altar; Rose could with difficulty repress her transports of joy. She stopped every one she met, and called on them to admire Estelle; spoke to them of her virtues, of her past sufferings, and her present happiness. Tears of joy ran down her cheeks; and when the affectionate Estelle pronounced that delightful vow, that she would love Nemorin for ever; in spite of the sanctity of the place, Rose could not contain her transport, and sprang to the neck of her friend.

From that time Rose was taken into Estelle's house. Marguerita and Raimond, always dear to, always respected by, this amiable family, lived in the midst of them to a good and peaceable old age. Peace, friendship, and love, were the inhe-

ritance they left to their children; whose posterity still remains in that delightful country to which I owe my birth.

Happy country! from whence fortune has indeed exiled me, but which is not less dear to my mind; I shall at least have celebrated thee, I shall have consecrated to thee the last accents of my rural pipe! Yes, I now swear, by thy beloved name, that henceforth I bid an eternal farewel to the pastoral muse! Never shall any other songs profane the flute on which I have sung the charms of my native soil. Ah! what subject can now afford me pleasure, after having described the smiling meads, where the beauties of nature, for the first time, made an impression on my heart? Lovely vales, happy banks, where, when young, I was wont to cull the flowers! Majestic trees, planted by my grandsire, whose lofty heads touched the clouds, when, bending o'er his crutch, he often made me admire them! Ye limpid brooks, which bathe the meadows of Florian, and which, in the days of my infancy, I leaped over with so much difficulty, but yet with so much delight! I shall never see you more: I shall grow old in sorrow, far removed from the place of my birth, from that spot where repose the ashes of my fa-

thers: and, should I arrive at old age, the cheering sun of my country will not reanimate my feeble limbs. Ah! may I not at least hope, that my mortal remains shall be carried to that valley where I beheld the lambs frolic and play when I was a child! Why cannot I be assured of reposing under that lofty palm-tree where the shepherdesses of the village assemble to dance! I should wish that their pious hands may water the turf which covers my grave; that the faithful lover and his mistress may always choose it for their seat; that the children, after their sports are over, may scatter their nosegays there; and that the shepherds of the country may sometimes melt in sympathy as they read this inscription on my tomb:

In this silent peaceful shade
Our beloved friend is laid;
Forc'd, when living, to resort
To the city and the court;
Yet these scenes he held most dear,
For his heart was ever here.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

NOTES.

NOTES.

[1] Languedoc, or Occitania, one of the finest and most extensive provinces of France, was anciently inhabited by the Volscians. They were subdued by the Romans, under the consulate of Quintus Fabius Maximus, in the year of Rome 634. It was then called The Roman Province; and afterwards, when all Gaul had submitted to the arms of Cæsar, Languedoc received the name of Gaul Narbonnese, or Transalpine Gaul. The Romans, ever attentive to attach to themselves by their arts the people whom they had conquered by their arms, planted colonies in Languedoc. These carried thither their religion, their language, and their manners; they founded new cities, rebuilt the ancient ones, and spared no pains in ornamenting them with circus's, temples, and masterpieces of architecture; such as the amphitheatre, the *maison quarrée* at Nismes, the bridge of the Gard, and many other monuments, which are still looked upon with admiration. Attracted by the fineness of the climate, the families of the con-

querors came in crowds to settle there; and the conquered, in their turn, went to seek for honours at Rome; where, in the time of Cicero, great numbers of them were admitted into the senate.

Gaul Narbonnese, sometimes happy, sometimes oppressed, according as the throne of the world was occupied by a good prince or a monster, either suffered or profited from the revolutions of the empire. It embraced Christianity, under the reign of Commodus, about the year 180 of our æra; and almost as soon became heretical. When the successors of Theodosius, more engaged in controverting the Arians than in repelling the barbarians, permitted the empire to be dismembered, this province, after having been ravaged by the Vandals, the Alans, the Swiss, and Germans, fell at length under the dominion of the Visigoths, who chose Thoulouse for their capital about the year 418.

More flourishing under their government than under that of the emperors, Narbonnese soon afterwards took the name of Septimania or Hither Spain. In spite of the victories of Clovis, in spite of its continual wars with France, it obeyed near 300 years the kings of the Visigoths, who reigned in Ulterior Spain.

The Arabian Moors, vanquishers of those kings and of Spain, got possession of Septimania in the year 720, but did not keep it long. Conquered, in their turn, at the memorable battle of Poictiers, they repassed the Pyrenees; and Pepin the Short, son of Charles Martel, who then filled the throne of France, made himself master of Septimania in the year 759, not by conquest, but by a treaty.

Under the feeble successors of Charlemagne, the unfortunate Septimania, ravaged in turn by the Saracens, the Normans, and Hungarians, had dukes and marquises, less engaged indeed in relieving its misfortunes than rendering themselves independent of the kings of France. Then, towards the year 850, began the Raimonds, counts of Thoulouse; who, from being only governors under the first kings of the second race, arrived at the possession of the whole province, with all the rights of sovereignty. Many of the Raimonds were worthy of their fortune; but the most illustrious was Raimond of St. Giles, the fourth of the name, so renowned for his exploits in the holy land. See note [4].

This hero died at Mount Pilgrim, in the year 1105. His two sons, Alphonso and Bertrand,

who succeeded each other, followed the footsteps of their father, and, leaving their estates in Europe, went to fight and to die in Asia. These brave crusaders, without doubt, were far from foreseeing that, thirty years afterwards, Pope Innocent III. would publish a crusade against their grandson, Raimond VI.; that the cruel Simon de Montfort would slaughter, pillage, and burn the unhappy Languedocians, under the same banner of the cross formerly planted by Raimond IV. on the tower of David; that the unfortunate Raimond VI. should be excommunicated, pursued, and publicly scourged, by a legate, because he was not willing to exterminate his subjects; should be obliged to join with his enemies to lay waste his own dominions; should be driven from the capital with his only son, and despoiled of all his possessions; to see them pass to the executioner of his subjects. Yet, in the midst of so much adversity, Raimond VI. displayed unexampled courage, patience, and wisdom; bending to the storm when he had no other resource, taking up arms as soon as he could find soldiers; submissive to the church, yet haughty to the robbers who abused that sacred name, he retook Thoulouse and almost all his dominions; and at last died full of years, misfortunes, and glory.

His son, Raimond VII. had assisted his father in the recovery of his possessions. He knew how to defend them against Amauri of Montfort, and against Louis VIII. to whom Montfort had sold what he could no longer preserve. The inquisition, introduced into this province in the year 1204, was established there by the council of Thoulouse in 1229. It proved a source of new calamities. The inquisitors abused their power in such a manner, that Gregory was obliged to suspend them from their functions: but being re-established soon afterwards, the flames were rekindled, and the inquisitors were massacred. Their death raised up new enemies to Raimond: he, however, quieted the tempest; and, being reconciled with the Pope, and with the king St. Louis, he died lamented by his subjects, whom he would have rendered happier, had it not been for his continual wars, and, above all, for the inquisition.

Raimond VII. left only one daughter, whose name was Joan, who had married Alphonsus, count of Poictiers, and brother of St. Louis. At the death of her father, Joan, his sole heir, united her sovereignty to the house of France. Alphonsus and Joan dying childless, within three days of each other, Philip the Hardy, king of France, and ne-

phew of Alphonsus, repaired to Thoulouse, in the year 1271, to take possession of this beautiful province, which has ever since been inviolably attached to the crown of France.

[2] Upper Languedoc is covered with the finest harvests of corn; the Lower, less fertile in grain, produces those excellent wines of Frontigniac, Lunel, St. Perny, St. Giles, Cornas, &c. Olives are cultivated here with as much success as in Provence. The flocks, which cover the mountains of the Cevennes, and the prodigious quantities of mulberry trees, are the principal riches of the country. The Arriege, the Ceze, the Gardon, and the Tarn, roll down spangles of gold, which proves that the mountains contain mines of that precious metal. In many cantons are mines of iron, lead, tin, and copper, jet, vitriol, bitumen, antimony, sulphur, and coals. Marble quarries are very common; those of Cosnes, in the diocese of Narbonne, furnish abundance of that beautifully veined marble which bears the name of the province. Near to Castres, and in other parts, they find those Turquoises which equal those that are brought from the East. Mineral waters are very plentiful; the most celebrated are those of Vals, Lodeve, Alais, Servan, Balaruc, and Vendres,

besides an infinite number of others. Medicinal plants abound; in the neighbourhood of Montpellier alone they reckon upwards of three thousand sorts, and the mountains of the Cevennes produce many more.

[3] Antoninus Pius, that model for kings, who, by adopting Marcus Aurelius, may be said to have found out the means of existing after death, was originally of Nismes.

[4] Raimond St. Giles, the fourth of the name, count of Thoulouse, rendered great service to Alphonsus IV. king of Castile, in his wars against the Moors, and in recompence obtained his daughter Elvira, sister of Theresa, who married Henry of Burgundy, founder of the kingdom of Portugal. Raimond went to the holy land in 1096, at the head of 100,000 men. His exploits at the sieges of Nice, Antioch, and Jerusalem, gained him immortal glory. All the eastern historians are more lavish of their praises of Raimond St. Giles than of Godfrey or any other. After the conquest of Jerusalem, the Christians offered him the crown, but he refused it. Godfrey was then elected, and soon quarrelled with Raimond. Raimond, however, assisted him in gaining the famous battle of

Ascalon. Raimond, with four hundred knights alone, subdued many cities, of which he formed a principality. He built a fortress, which he named Mount Pilgrim, where he established his residence. Elvira, his spouse, never forsook him, followed him in all his campaigns, and bore him several children, which he baptized in the river Jordan, and who became heroes like their father. At length he died, in 1105, at Mount Pilgrim, in the 64th year of his age, after having spent ten years of battle and of victory in Palestine.

[5] James I. king of Arragon, was born at Montpellier, the 1st of February, 1208. He was son of Mary of Montpellier, heiress of that lordship, and of the brave Peter II. king of Arragon, who was slain at the battle of Muret, in defending his ally, his brother-in-law, Raimond VI. against the usurper Simon de Montfort. Two crusaders of Montfort's army, Alain de Roncy and Florent de Ville, had formed a conspiracy against the life of Peter: but he having changed his armour with one of his knights, the two crusaders attacked the knight. Alain, not perceiving in the defence he made that noble bravery which he knew belonged to king Peter, exclaimed, "This is not he!" Peter, not far distant, hearing these words, and enraged

at the two warriors, lifted up his mask, and with a loud voice said to them, "No, certainly, that is not him; but here I am." As he finished these words, he made a stroke at the French soldier, and threw down his horse: then penetrating into the midst of his enemies, he performed prodigies of valour. But Alain and Florent, rallying their troops, surrounded the valiant king, and, directing all their aim at him alone, finished by leaving him dead on the field. Thus perished, in the flower of his age, one of the most amiable monarchs in the world. Peter was large, well made, magnificent, and possessed integrity equal to his bravery. His justice and his goodness rendered him the idol of his subjects. All the accomplishments that could at that time be acquired were united in him. He delighted in, and cultivated a taste for, provençal poetry, and had the honour of being a good troubadour. This great prince, too little known, and especially too seldom praised, governed his subjects like a father, and died like a hero, while fighting for justice and friendship.

Peter II. left the crown of Arragon and the lordship of Montpellier to James I. his son; and this prince was worthy of his father. Sixty years victories over the Moors procured him the surname

of Conqueror, a title truly glorious to him, since he acquired it only by delivering his country from the usurpers who had oppressed it. In triumphing over his enemies he knew how to render his people happy. He cultivated the arts and literature, and has left some invaluable memoirs of his own life.

Guy Fulcodi, pope, under the name of Clement IV. was a native of St. Giles, the son of a respectable counsellor. Guy first entered into the army, married a young woman that he loved, and had several children. He next studied the law, and became very celebrated. To his profound erudition he united those more estimable endowments, integrity, wisdom, and humility. His sovereign Raimond VI. Alphonsus count of Poictiers and Thoulouse, St. Louis king of France, and the king of Arragon, all employed him in their most difficult affairs. Having lost his wife, he took orders, was soon made bishop of Puy, archbishop of Narbonne, cardinal, and pope.

His new dignity did not inflate him with pride. The following is part of a letter he wrote, after his exaltation, to his nephew Peter St. Giles:

" The transient honour with which I am attired,
" far from encreasing the pride of my relations or
" myself, ought to render us more humble. Do
" not seek, because of me, to procure a more ele-
" vated match for your sister: let her marry the
" son of a private gentleman. In that case I pro-
" mise to give her for her dower three hundred
" livres tournois; but if she aspires to a higher
" match, I will give her nothing at all. Inform
" my dear daughters, Mabilia and Cecilia, that I
" intend they should have the same husbands as
" they would otherwise have had if I had re-
" mained only a priest. They are the daughters
" of Guy Fulcodi, not of the pope: they possess
" my warmest affections, but my dignity is no-
" thing to them."

Clement preserved a tender affection for Languedoc, his country, and for his former friends. He loved literature, and left behind him some writings, and the reputation of an irreproachable pontiff.

William de Grimoard, pope, under the appellation of Urban V. of the family of Duroure, was a native of Grisoc, in the Gevaudan. His virtues obtained him the tiara. He governed the church

with much prudence, edification, and piety. He died in the year 1370.

[7] Amongst the vast number of illustrious warriors which Languedoc has produced, the most renowned, after the Raimonds, are Amalric, viscount of Narbonne, whose heroic achievements were so eminent, that in the year 1290 all the cities of the Guelph party, leagued together under the title of The Society of Tuscany, chose Amalric for their general. Charles the Handsome, king of France, appointed him general of the army destined to carry on the crusade against the infidels. He died in the year 1328.

The famous Gaston de Foix, who gained the battle of Ravenna, and died at the age of twenty-three, with the reputation of being the greatest general of the age, was born at Mazeres, in the diocese of Mirepoix, the 10th of December, 1489. His parents were John V. count de Foix, and Madelena of France, sister of Louis XII. Gaston was viscount of Narbonne, and took the title of king of Navarre. His victories, his youth, his extraordinary talents, and, above all, his amiable virtues, rendered him the idol of the people and the soldiers. Louis XII. said of him: "Gaston is my

pupil; it is I that have tutored him, and that have formed him to those virtues which we all admire in him." This hero died in his laurels at Ravenna, and his death drew after it the loss of Italy.

Among the heroes produced by Languedoc may be ranked Constance Cezelli, the wife of Barry, governor of Leucate, a small town in Lower Languedoc. During the wars of the league, Barry was taken prisoner by the leaguers; Constance was then in her native country, at Montpellier. Being informed of the misfortune which had happened to her husband, she hastened to embark at Maguelonna, arrived at Leucate, reanimated the courage of the garrison, and prepared for a most vigorous defence. The leaguers and the Spaniards attacked her, but Constance rendered all their efforts useless. The cowardly besiegers, enraged at a resistance which they ought to have admired, prepared a gallows, and threatened the heroine they would hang her husband upon it, unless she delivered up the town. Constance, in this horrible alternative, offered all her property, and even her own person, for the ransom of her husband: "My fortune and my life are mine," said she; "I will give them willingly for my spouse: but "my town belongs to my king, and my honour to

" my God; it is my duty to preserve them to my " last breath." The besiegers had the atrocity to hang her husband, and sent the dead body to her. The garrison of Leucate besought their generous commander to deliver up to them a prisoner of distinction, that the duke of Montmorency had sent to them, to enable them to retaliate the cruelty. Constance refused to accept the prisoner, and avenged herself more nobly by compelling her enemies to raise the siege. Henry IV. in gratitude, made Constance governor of Leucate until her son Hercules came of age. This horrible and sublime action happened in the year 1590.

John du Caylar, of St. Bonnet de Toiras, was born in Languedoc, in 1585. He was Marshal of France under Louis XII. and esteemed one of the most famous generals in his time. After having performed great services he died in disgrace, because he had displeased cardinal Richlieu.

The chevalier D'Assas, the Decius of France, was born in the neighbourhood of Vigan, a small town in the Cevennes. Every one is acquainted with what heroism he devoted himself to death when at Closterkamp, in the year 1760, being stationed near a wood, during the night, with a

detachment of the brave regiment of Auvergne, and having entered alone into the wood, to examine it, he found himself all of a sudden surrounded by a troop of enemies; who, pointing their bayonets at his breast, threatened him with instant death if he spoke one word. On this one word depended the fate of his detachment, and probably of the army. D'Assas did not hesitate a moment, but cried out, "Follow me, Auvergne; "here are our enemies!" and instantly he fell, pierced with wounds.

Louis XVI. has perpetuated the remembrance of this sublime action by granting an hereditary pension to the family of Assas, until the male line becomes extinct.

Under this article we might enumerate a multitude of names of the brave men which this province has produced, if we were to make out a list of all those excellent officers who were natives of it, and who yet serve with so much honour in the old regiments, better known indeed by the enemies than by the citizens of the capital.

[8] Languedoc has produced many celebrated magistrates, too numerous to mention. The famous Nogaret, who served Philip the Handsome with

so much zeal during his dispute with pope Boniface VIII. was a native of St. Felix de Caraman, in the diocese of Thoulouse. He applied himself, from his youth, to the study of jurisprudence, and became successively professor of law in the university of Montpellier, chief justice of the jurisdiction of Beaucaire and Nismes, knight, chancellor, and keeper of the seals of France. He was indebted for his elevation to his talents alone.

John Bertrandi, keeper of the seals in 1530, was born at Thoulouse. Merely an advocate, he was deputed by the states of the province to carry their list of grievances to the king. He was the following year nominated a counsellor of the parliament of Paris. He next became first president of the parliament of Thoulouse; obtained the office of keeper of the seals in 1551, which was created for him by Henry II. because the chancellor Olivier had retired from court. Bertrandi remained keeper of the seals until the death of Henry II.; after which he entered into the church, was made bishop of Comminges, archbishop of Sens, and cardinal.

The parliament of Thoulouse, instituted by Philip the Bold, and which has continued its sittings ever since the year 1280, though sometimes re-

united with the parliament of Paris, at length separated, and, fixed entirely at Languedoc by Charles VII. in 1443, has almost always had magistrates of distinguished merit for its presidents. Amongst the most illustrious, the celebrated Duranti possesses one of the first ranks. His death deserves to be related :

When the tragical death of the duke of Guise, and his brother the cardinal, at Blois, had filled the state with troubles, the city of Thoulouse signalized itself by its attachment to the league, and by its fury against Henry III. The Thoulousians deputed their principal magistrate to the Parisians, to form a covenant of union with them. They remitted this authority to eighteen of the most factious amongst them, in like manner as Paris had chosen sixteen ; and they sent them throughout the whole province to excite it to rebellion.

Duranti, chief president of the parliament of Thoulouse, and D'Affis, advocate general, remained faithful to their duty and their king. They both became the objects of hatred of *the eighteen.* These, masters of the city, obliged the chief president to call an extraordinary meeting of the chambers, to decide, Whether, as Henry de Valois was ex-

communicated, the people of Thoulouse were not freed from their oath of fidelity towards him.

The opinions, as Duranti had foreseen, were divided; and he put an end to the assembly without coming to any determination. But the palace was surrounded with armed men. The chief president, having got into his coach, was attacked by swords and lances; none of which, however, touched him, as he sunk down into the bottom of the carriage. His coachman set the horses on full gallop, to regain his master's house, but unfortunately drove against a wall, and thereby overturned the coach. Duranti, obliged to get out, took refuge in the town-house. The few friends which he had immediately fled. The shops were shut up, and chains and barricadoes were placed in the streets.

The parliament, assembled again, commanded that Duranti should be transferred to the convent of the Jacobins. He went there, escorted by two bishops, partizans of the league, and their satellites. A guard was placed at his door, with orders to permit nobody to see him, not even his only daughter. Rose Caulet his wife, and two servants, had liberty to enter with him, on condition they

should not attempt to stir out again. His house and his papers were ransacked, but nothing was found which could serve as a pretext to the slightest reproach.

His death was, however, determined on. The armed factions repaired to the Jacobins, and endeavoured to force open the gate. They could not succeed. They set fire to it, and entered the convent without meeting with any resistance from the guards, who were in concert with them. Chapelier, one of the principal of these assassins, accosted the president, and commanded him to come and answer to the people. Duranti fell on his knees, offered up a prayer to God, embraced his wife, took leave of her, and went to meet his death.

When he was arrived at the gate, which had been burnt down, Chapelier, dragging him violently along, cried out, with a loud voice, "Here he is!" "Yes," added Duranti, who had on his robes, and whose calm looks bore the impression of innocence, "yes, here I am." "What crime have I committed that could inspire you with this implacable hatred?" These few words, pronounced with dignity, the remains of authority

diffused over the countenance of this venerable old man, the involuntary respect which virtue inspires in crime, struck the factious with awe. They were all silent, and probably would have fell on their knees before the magistrate, had not the shot of a musquet, fired at a distance, lodged in his breast. Duranti fell, and his last words were a prayer to heaven for his murderers!

The people immediately reassumed their fury, dragged the dead body of Duranti through the streets of the city, and then ran to the prison to assassinate the attorney-general d'Affis.

Thus perished, victims of their zeal and fidelity, these two virtuous magistrates, enlightened men, of whom the province ought to be proud, and who have the same claims to admiration, and to the respect of every good Frenchman, as Brisson, Lorcher, and Tardif.

[9] Languedoc may be regarded as the cradle of that poetry called Provençal, which was cultivated at Thoulouse during the reign of its first counts. Raimond the Fifth, his son, his grandson, and many knights of the province, were Troubadours, and knew how to sing the praises of their fair almost

as well as how to fight for them. In 1323, under the reign of Charles the Handsome, seven principal citizens of Thoulouse, under the title of The Gay Society of the Seven Troubadours of Thoulouse, wrote a circular letter to all the poets of Languedoc, inviting them to come and read their performances at Thoulouse, the 1st of May ensuing, with the promise of bestowing a violet of gold to him who should compose the best romance.

On the day appointed many Troubadours arrived, and repaired to the garden of the seven judges. They read their works before the magistrates, the notables, and a very numerous audience of the people. The prize was adjudged to a romance composed in honour of the Virgin, by Arnaud Vidal de Castelnaudari, who was immediately created a doctor of the gay science.

The seven associates continued their assemblies, chose one of their number to be chancellor, and gave the title of secretary to another. They published their statutes, which they called the Laws of Love. They likewise added two other flowers to the violet; the eglantine, and the marigold. Their society finally became so celebrated, that, in 1388, John, king of Arragon, sent ambassadors

to Charles VI. to request some poets from the province of Narbonne, who might also establish a Gay Society in his dominions.

Such was the origin of the academy of the Floral Games, which received additional lustre, towards the conclusion of the fourteenth or commencement of the fifteenth century, by the liberality of a Thoulousian lady, named Clementine Isaura. This lady, of whom indeed we know but little, bequeathed by will a sum sufficient to defray the expences of the three flowers which the academy of Thoulouse still gives every year. The magistrates and inhabitants of this city, out of gratitude to Clementine Isaura, erected, about the middle of the sixteenth century, a statue of white marble, in one of the rooms of the guildhall of the city, where it is still to be seen, and which is crowned with flowers every third year, on the 3d of May, the day on which they distribute the prizes. Louis XIV. in 1694, by letters patent, established this academy, which I believe is the most ancient of academies.

Nothing positive is known of Clementine Isaura; I thought myself therefore at liberty, in a romance, to make her sole institutress of the Floral Games,

and to invent a motive for her choice of the three flowers which are distributed as the prizes.

[10] This description is but a faithful and striking picture of a charming valley, situated between Cardet and Massanna, which is called The Beautiful Plain, and which nature has rendered a most enchanting spot.

THE END.

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